

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE HOUSE

Is Alone at Work This Day.

Mr. Morrison Adds a Few More Committees--Bills Introduced by Mr. Browne.

National Banks Pray for An Injunction to Prevent the Collection of Taxes.

CONGRESS.

The House Hard at Work To-day By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The speaker of the house announced a committee on enrolled bills and Mr. Morrison's proposition to create new committees on shipping, civil service, liquor traffic and other matters passed.

Mr. Findley will call up the senate presidential succession bill Monday. Hammond introduced a bill to authorize the withdrawal from the ware house, without payment of tax, of alcohol and other spirits for use in the manufacture of drugs and chemicals.

Brown, of Indiana, introduced the following: "Referring to the present controversy between the United States and Venezuela in respect to the award of 1868; granting pensions to the soldiers of the Mexican war; increasing the pensions of the survivors of the war of 1812; granting arrears of pensions to persons pensioned by special act." Adjourned.

A DRUNKARD

Shoots Three Men With Fatal Results.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WAYNESBURG, Pa., Dec. 19.—Three men were shot last night at Lippencott's, about four miles east of town by David Lindsey, a tanner. Merchant Lippencott, youngest son of U. B. Lippencott, serious, but not fatally; William Woods, of Waynesburg, was shot through the neck and side, and John Rice, who lives near Jefferson, was shot in the stomach and groin. The two latter are said to be mortally hurt. Lindsey is a worthless character and has been drunk several days. It is said there was no provocation for the shooting.

BUCKEYE BANKS.

Kick Against Excessive Taxation.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 18.—Thirteen national banks, located in Cleveland, Youngstown, Elyria and Mahoning, have filed in the United States circuit court their prayer for an injunction to enjoin the county treasurers of the counties in which they are located from collecting from them excessive taxes. These banks aver that the state board of equalization has fixed the valuation too high. Judge Woods allowed the injunction.

A BOY HURT.

His Legs Cut Off by a Nickel Plate Train.

Fred Schultz is the name of a tailor employed by Thieme Bros., on Columbia street. His five-year-old son was playing on the Nickel Plate track, near the gas works, to-day and an engine ran over him, cutting off both his legs. The lad may die from the shock.

A GILDED PALACE.

Fort Wayne Boasts of One with all the Splendor of Rome--A Peep at It.

Fort Wayne has a palace lined in oriental splendor and bedecked with brilliants, not for ornament, but substantial use as well. The Sentinel artist stepped into the crockery emporium of H. N. Ward to-day, and if possible that palatial place looked more inviting than ever. The articles of ornament first catch the eye, but the rich hanging lamps in endless variety, the chamber sets, vases, tea sets, backed by a general and cheap assortment of china ware meet the requirements of rich and poor alike. Mr. Ward is a sort of commoner and his pride is to welcome all people to his place. He asks attention to his 1847 Roger Bros. knives and spoons, tripple plated casters, cake baskets, napkin rings and silver plated cutlery. He has a complete assortment and people making holiday purchases must realize that his specialty of the trade enables him to sell under all dealers. His store is guarded by the

"Big Iron Dog," on West Columbia street, and the fame of the house needs no encomiums here.

"NOT GUILTY"

The Verdict Rendered in Boyer Case.

Special to THE SENTINEL.

NORWALK, Ohio, Dec. 19.—The jury in the Boyer case came in at 1:45 this p. m. with a verdict of not guilty. The verdict is generally sustained by public opinion.

JIMMIE McCROY.

The Local Pugilist Skips the Town With His Friend's Coat and Vest--He Beats a Board Bill.

Jimmie McCroy, the young man whom Fred J. Daily paralyzed last night at the Academy, is missing from his usual haunts. McCroy has been special policeman at the Metropolitan theatre. His salary was limited and desiring to make himself presentable, he borrowed a new coat and vest from John Suitor, who works in a barber shop opposite the Cathedral. Late last night McCroy took his goods and clothes from the St. Charles hotel and skipped for Grand Rapids, taking the borrowed togs and beating the St. Charles hotel out of the \$15. McCroy accompanied Daily and his party north, buying a through ticket to the tough city in Michigan. There is no action against McCroy, unless he returns here, a thing very improbable.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 3, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

August L. Cornille to Henry Blasing, by warranty deed, lots 15 and 16, Beague's addition to New Haven, for \$65.

Howell C. Rockhill to Rebecca Wickliffe, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 25, Lafayette township, for \$1. Wm. Shaffer to Sarah C. Vanhorn, by warranty deed, 40 acres in section 36, Madison township, for \$1,500. Magdalena Hoffman to Magnus Rohrbach, by quit claim deed, 48 54-100 acres in section 6, Madison township, for \$5.

Magnus Rohrbach to Geo. B. Hoffman, by quit claim deed, 48 54-100 acres in section 6, Madison township, for \$5.

Serepta L. Worley to Sarah C. Lopshire, by warranty deed, lot 31, Williamsport, for \$50.

Ella B. Held to Joseph H. Grier, by warranty deed, lot 56, Skinner's addition, for \$185.

John Humbert to James W. S. Swann, by warranty deed, lot 13, Ayres' addition, for \$28,000.

FRED J. DAILY

Knocks the Fort Wayne Pugilist Very Silly.

The glove contest at the Academy last night was a success financially, but in an artistic way did not please the assembly. Billy Butts, of Detroit, and Jimmie Doyle, of Fort Wayne, led off with a sparring match and touched each other lightly. Fred J. Daily, of Grand Rapids, and Jimmie McCroy, of this city, then stepped into the ring and Charley Chase, the referee, introduced them. The men faced each other fiercely, with McCroy forcing the fight. The Fort Wayne lad landed several face and body hits before time was called. Daily was in better shape the second round. They sparred and the Michigan boy planted his right hand on McCroy's nose. He followed this up with a left hander under the jaw and McCroy fell in a heap. He did not respond to the call for time, and Daily was declared the champion of Michigan and Indiana. Billy Butts wanted to put on the gloves for \$50 with any man in the house, but received no response. This closed the mill, although the assembly was thirsty for more blood and said "rats" with some emphasis.

School Reports.

School report of district No. 5, Springfield township, for the month ending December 11, 1885:

No. of pupils enrolled, 59; males, 27; females, 32. Average daily attendance, 50. Cases of corporal punishment, 3. Name of pupil whose average was 95: Anna Gruber. Those whose average was 90: Katie Horn, Hattie Boger, Nora Rabbitt, Anna Gibbons, Florence Treice, Bertha Boger, Gertrude Kinsey, Etta Boger, Samuel Hettinger, Jennie Snyder, Charles Zice, Eugene Monroe and Ada Horn. Cases of tardiness, 14.

Milo Gorrell, Teacher.

W. H. Reichelderfer, Trustee.

Mrs. James Johnson, of 150 Holman street, was found dead in bed this morning. Aged 79 years.

AT SOUTH BEND

They Open a Y. M. C. A. Building

SOUTH BEND, Dec. 18, 1885.

Editor of THE SENTINEL:

This is an enterprising city—three years ago there was a Young Men's Christian association organized here; last night they opened a fine four-story building, purchased and remodeled for the use of the association, with a fine reception to young men and to delegates from northern Indiana and southern Michigan to a four-day conference to be held in the building. The building is 42x80 feet with basement and three stories, with all modern improvements for use and amusement.

The building was filled with young men at the reception last night.

Appropriate exercises were held in the hall and these were followed with a bounteous collation by the ladies' auxiliary.

General Secretary Newman, of Detroit, gave a short address of the social and physical benefits of a Y. M. C. A., and was followed by two minute speeches from Secretary Esmond, of Elkhart, D. F. More and E. S. Philley, of Fort Wayne, Kingston, of Niles, Mich., Davis, of Chicago, and others. This evening a dedicatory service will be held in the building and discussions, addresses and religious services will fill up the time until Sunday evening. The state secretaries of Massachusetts, Illinois and Michigan and the general secretaries of Indianapolis and Chicago are expected to-day.

With South Bend leading off with a building costing \$15,000, Elkhart following with one for their Railroad Reading association, to cost \$10,000 and Indianapolis now canvassing for \$40,000 to rebuild its decaying structure, Fort Wayne will have to look after her laurels and rouse to action, or she will be left in the lurch and that too, when the attendance upon her present Y. M. C. A. rooms exceeds the attendance on all three of these places combined. What man of means in our city will build his own perpetual monument before his departure by erecting for our active association a substantial home?

VISITOR.

White Bronze.

Referring to this material now so extensively used for monumental purposes the *Scientific American* says:

"The necessity for a more enduring material for monuments than stone has long been felt. It is well known that stone is unable to withstand climatic effects, as described in scientific articles by Prof. A. A. Julien, of Columbia college, New York, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus and other eminent scientists, and demonstrated by the crumbling condition of the obelisks of New York and Paris, and of all the oldest stone monuments and buildings in this country and Europe.

The enduring nature of the metal used—refined zinc—and its peculiar adaptation to the purpose have long since brought it into use in Europe, where the art has made good progress, taking the place, to some extent, of copper or antique bronze for monuments and statuary. The Prussian government has recently erected some large statuary of this material, notably the postal union statue at Hanover, illustrated on another page. Ure's "Dictionary of Arts," enlarged edition, also refers to the extensive use of the metal in Continental Europe, large foundries being located in Berlin, Cologne, Hanover, and other cities.

From the earliest use of the material there seems to have been but one opinion regarding its enduring qualities. Encyclopedias, standard works on metallurgy and chemistry, and scientists are unanimous in commending its lasting nature; and the facility with which it is moulded into the most artistic designs will ultimately make white bronze more popular for art work than the copper or antique bronze which has heretofore been used so extensively.

There is now on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Keil & Bro. a magnificent statue of Faith made from this material. Everyone who admires fine art should see it. Parties interested should address Longacre & Co., Fort Wayne, who will cheerfully supply further information.

A Gentleman's Age.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "what do you do in everything?" X. L. So does Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein excel over all other medicines for coughs, croup and consumption.

John G. Strodel got judgment for \$330 to-day against Casper Neiriter. Judge Hensch gave the decree on a cognovit.

HORROR!

One Thousand Miners are Killed.

A Dynamite Explosion in One of the Siberian Mines Does the Deadly Work.

Twenty-Nine Miners Imprisoned to Die in a Mine at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

ONE THOUSAND

Miners Killed in a Siberian Mine.

By Cable to The Sentinel.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 19.—Dispatches state that a terrible dynamite explosion occurred in Pliuchin mine in Siberia. The accounts are conflicting as regards to the number killed, some placing the number at 400, while others place it as high as 1,000.

Twenty-nine men imprisoned, to die in a Coal Mine.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 19.—The outlook at No. 1 slope this morning is frightful. Mine Inspector Williams says the men can be reached in forty-eight hours if they will be found alive. A total exhaustion of air will probably occur before then and the chances of rescue are very small. There are sixty-seven feet of quick sand that must be dug away. This is wedged in. An extreme authority says it will require five or six days to dig through it. This ends all hope of the twenty-nine men imprisoned, who it is believed died within twelve hours after the imprisonment. [This mine was closed by water from the Susquehanna river, mention of which was made in yesterday's dispatches.—Ed.]

Fire Record.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 19.—At an early hour yesterday morning the general merchandise establishment of Lynn & Morrison, at Beldon, this county, was entirely destroyed by a fire, which undoubtedly was the work of an incendiary. The loss on building and stock is about \$2,000, nearly all the goods having been consumed. There was an insurance of \$1,500 in the Phoenix, of Brooklyn.

Business Failures.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

DETROIT, Dec. 19.—Hyatt Bros., lumbermer, have failed. Liabilities, \$15,000.

MONTREAL, Dec. 19.—R. Courteau & Co., cigar manufacturers, have made an assignment, with liabilities over \$40,000.

LOCAL LINES.

Benjamin Nickerson and Lucy Bowers have been licensed to wed.

Dr. C. A. Leiter, of Monroeville, was in the city this morning.

The Hendricks monument meeting occurs at the court house Monday night. Wayne lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M., will hold their election of officers this evening.

Forty quick delivery letters passed through the Fort Wayne postoffice this week.

E. S. Underhill, the ex-mail carrier, was arrested to-day for selling oil without a license.

Wm. Schaller, the Cincinnati brewer, was in the city to-day, the guest of Mike Himbert.

Mr. Samuel L. Morris, the attorney, was at the Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

Charley Chase, who refereed the slugging match last night, returned to Toledo this afternoon.

Congressman Lowry voted in favor of the proposition to revise the rules of the house yesterday.

Mr. James Ryan, the truckman, is able to sit up and THE SENTINEL hopes for his speedy recovery.

It cost Mrs. Mike Dennis some \$50 to sell liquor on Sunday, and Ben Heath \$22 to sell without a license.

Matilda Ort sues Thomas J. Estil et al. to quiet title to real estate. A. A. Furman is attorney for the plaintiff.

Dr. C. A. Leiter filed a new bond in the surety of the peace case against him, to-day, with Louis Griebel as surety.

The mother of Perry Randall attained her sixty-first year yesterday which was quite pleasantly celebrated by the mem-

bers of the family and friends of the lady.

Carl Thompson, foreman of the Nickel Plate round house, slipped last night and fractured his right arm. Dr. C. B. Stemen put the limb in splints.

The Westminster seminary closed for the holiday vacation last evening and made the occasion pleasant and enjoyable by a nice entertainment. This school is growing more popular every day.

Mrs. Louisa Neatert died at her residence in South Wayne on Friday morning. The funeral will take place on Monday morning at 11 o'clock and proceed to Michaels church where services will be held.

George Shelnor, of Huntertown, libeled J. R. Bittering, relative to the dismissal of a suit against Christ Wamsley. Mr. Bittering had Shelnor arrested for libel, not to get money, but tie the tongue of slander.

The ladies of the First Presbyterian church will give a social at the church parlors on Tuesday evening next. An elegant supper will be served from 7 till 10 o'clock at twenty-five cents a plate. All are cordially invited.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL, are as follows: Slightly colder and generally fair weather, preceded by light local snows, winds generally from northwest to southwest, higher barometer.

Oscar Vanderbilt, traveling passenger agent of the Northern Pacific road, compromised a paternity suit at Indianapolis by the payment of \$500. The young lady, whose name is Myers, is an employee of a city laundry. Mr. Vanderbilt often comes to Fort Wayne.

Captain Diehl and a posse of police raided the gaming room on West Wayne street last night and arrested Henry Jones, Charley Beebe, Dennis McFeely, John Jacobs and James Johnson. The sporting men put up money and paid \$18.30 each at police court this morning.

On Monday evening, Dec. 28, Miss Julia Caruthers, of Ann Arbor, will give a piano recital, the second of the series of subscription concerts, under the management of Miss Minnie Anderson. In larger cities musical conversations have become a very popular feature of such entertainments, assisting greatly in the comprehension and enjoyment of classical music. Mr. C. B. Cady, of the University of Michigan, has kindly consented to conduct this part of the program. The local numbers will be given by Miss Clara Kenower, who is already too well known to our citizens to need further mention.

WONDERFUL.

A Reporter Takes in the Sights of a Mammoth Establishment.

A reporter of THE SENTINEL in running down a fresh item on West Main street, noticed a large crowd in front of the building occupied by the Peters Box and Lumber company as a furniture store. Thinking something was wrong the scribe rushed through the crowd and asked a fine-looking young man, who seemed to be more excited than any one else, what this vast gathering meant. "Don't you see," said the good-looking young man, as he pointed his finger towards the large window, "don't you see those goods—furniture that has never before been shown in a city the size of Fort Wayne? Why even the people of Grand Rapids would be astonished at the handsome style of these goods."

The scribe took a look and grasping the good-looking young man by the hand, said: "My friend, such things as these fill my heart with gladness and joy. Fort Wayne will yet amount to something. Our merchants are beginning to lay aside their old foggy notions. We are on the way to prosperity. In fact, Fort Wayne is going to the front. A furniture store like this will give our city such a boom that it will be heard all over the state."

Not satisfied with the wonderful sights from the outside, our reporter entered the store and such a variety of bed-room suites, dining-room furniture, easy chairs and rocking chairs, lounges, bookcases, sideboards, writing desks, stands, tables and in fact almost everything that can be made from wood, was found packed into the three stories of the building. We only ask you to go and see what we have seen. It will do you good. If you want to give a fine Christmas present and know not what to get, go to this store and you will find it and not have to look long either. Mr. Charles Pape will be there himself to greet you. He is at present giving this store his personal attention and takes pride in showing his friends the wonderful things he has in store. Prices very low.

FOR REVENGE.

Singer Machine Works Closed.

Thirty-Five Hundred Men are Forced Out of Work by a Tax Levy.

The Illicit Love of a Grand Rapids Lumber Man Gets Him Into Trouble.

FROZE OUT.

The Singer Sewing Machine Factory Closed.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel. NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The closing of the Singer Sewing Machine works at Elizabethport yesterday throws 3,500 men out of employment. The pay roll was \$40,000 per week. The trouble had been brewing for many months and was precipitated yesterday, when a levy of \$20,000, claimed due on the last assessment for taxes, was made. The controller selected for his levy two locomotives used in the company's yards, stating that he did not wish to cause any unnecessary inconvenience. The information of a levy was wired to the New York office of the company, where it was received at noon and the order to close the works sent out. The company then ordered the works closed, claiming that Elizabethport would thus lose a much larger sum.

ILLICIT LOVE

Involves a Michigan Lumber Man.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 19.—Samuel D. Clay, a prominent lawyer of this city, has brought suit against Enos Putnam, a wealthy lumber merchant, for \$50,000 damages for alienating the affections of his wife.

A Strike at Chicago.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Another strike commenced on the Chicago, Burlington and Quins railroad here this morning, the local switchmen and firemen going out. Trains are stopped.

Dr. Waugh's Slayer Gets Two Year.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Jasper E. Sweet, who shot and killed Dr. Waugh, a practicing physician of this city, three months ago, on the alleged ground that the latter had seduced the wife of the accused, was found guilty and given two years in the penitentiary.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to The Sentinel.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The stock market opened this morning quite steady, the changes being about equally divided the advances and declines. The market has been moderately active and at 11 o'clock is firm at small fractions below opening figures.

Money easy at 2@2½ per cent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Wheat opened depressed and ¼¢ higher, but fairly active. No. 2 red, cash or December, 91½¢; 92½¢. Corn, 42½¢ lower and active. Mixed Western, 40½¢.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Wheat, 83½¢ cash. Corn, 36½¢ cash and year. Oats, 28½¢ cash. Rye, 60¢ Barley, 65¢. Flaxseed, \$1 14½. Whisky, \$1 15. Pork, easy, \$9 10 cash and December; \$9 75 January. Lard, \$5 95 cash.

"A merry heart goes all the day," but who can merry be, when racked and tormented with a hateful cough? Be wise, and try Dr. Bull's cough syrup. It relieves at once promptly. All druggists have it.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I have sold the entire stock of pictures, etc., to Ben B. Evans, and that Jos. M. Mayer has nothing to do with the auction sale now in progress. H. C. BANCROFT.

Do not fail to see the grand display of Silk Banners in Root & Co's. window. They are to be presented by the ladies of the city to Anthony Wayne Post, Wednesday evening, Dec. 23! to be followed by a grand Camp Fire and Social Hop, including Refreshments. Admission 25 cents, tickets to be had at C. B. Woodworth & Co., O. B. Fitch & Co. and W. A. Foot's.

I am bound to close out my store stock, so if you have not bought, now is your time. G. W. Seavey. 1700dlw

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A young man was drawing near to a pleasant, rather old-fashioned country house, in the long, golden light of a summer afternoon.

There is an air of supreme comfort over-spreading the whole scene. The lad is tired, and warm, and dusty, yet he smiles as his glance roves over the placid view before him.

How well he knows every gable of the building, every bough of the trees, every turn of the paths!

There is certainly no place like home, the young man thinks, especially so when it holds the girl you love best in all the world, and when the brightest of memories cluster round its hearth.

It is only such memories which this house holds for Frederick Osborne, although it is the home of his stepfather—a relation who is not very frequently held in high esteem by the youthful mind.

But, kind and gentle to all who come under his authority or influence, Mr. Melfort was not likely to fail in kindness to the son of his wife, particularly when Frederick was a person extremely likeable in himself.

The boy had been only twelve or thirteen at the marriage of his mother with Mr. Melfort—himself a widower with one child, a girl three or four years younger than his wife's son—and he had readily, therefore, taken root in the home thus made for him, had looked forward with keen delight to spending his vacations there, and had been from that day to the present the willing slave of pretty, imperious, spoiled Constance.

Now he has left college, the world is all before him where to choose, and he has come home with the definite determination to win from the companion and tormentor of his youthful days a promise to be his when he shall have conquered fortune—a trifling preliminary which at twenty-one seems scarcely worth considering.

Up the avenue, under the branching elms, he walks, and ascending a flight of steps, stands on the gravel walk which goes round the house.

All is stillness, save a sound more expressive than even stillness—a long-drawn snore.

Frederick walks to an angle of the building, and looks on the picture he had expected to see—the slumbering figure of Mr. Melfort, the newspapers all lying around the seat where he has fallen asleep.

The young man does not disturb him; but entering the house by a conveniently open window, stands in the familiar sitting-room, filled with signs of house-



"FRED, MY DEAREST BOY!—WHY, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?"

hold work—his mother's work-table, the children's toys, and a very straggling bundle of scarlet crocheted-work, that he at once identifies as the property of Constance.

"I don't believe it has advanced any since Christmas!" he thought, debating whether he shall attempt to rouse anyone in the house, there is a rustle of a dress in the hall, and there enters a lady, who utters a cry of surprise and delight at seeing him.

"Fred, my dearest boy!—why, where did you come from?" she cries. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Got off a day earlier than I expected, mother, and so just came on to see you," he answers, gaily, and returning her warm embrace. "It is splendid to be back! And how is everybody?"

"Everybody is very well. I cannot see how you look, you are so sunburnt and dusty. Did you walk over from Cisbury?"

"I am so sorry! Mr. Melfort wanted to send on the chaise, that you might come to day; but I did not think it at all possible."

"There was no necessity," replies Frederick. "The walk was delightful, although the sun was hot. But I am a good pedestrian. Where is Constance—sleeping?"

"Of course!" said his mother. "I believe I am the only person in the house who is not asleep, and it must have been some instinctive idea that you were coming which kept me awake. Tell me about your visit to your uncle at Chester. How was it? Let you off sooner than you expected?"

"Oh, he wanted 'setting up,' the doctors said," replies the young man, laughing; "so they sent him off to Buxton. I could have shouted for joy when I heard it, for I knew it meant freedom for me, and I was most awfully tired of Thistlewood by that time. If the capricious old fellow should ever leave it to me, it would be a glorious place to live; but I have often been driven to wonder whether any possible pleasure to be derived from it some day could compensate for the acute boredom I have suffered there."

"For shame!" says Mrs. Melfort. "I am sure your uncle has always been

"It is very kind of you to put me first," replies his mother with a smile. "But I am afraid you think too much of Constance."

"Why too much?" asks Fred, shortly, tripping past him, turned down a passage, and knocking at a door. A sleepy voice says, "Come in." She opens it, and enters.

In the half-light made by closed blinds only the dim outlines are apparent; but on the white-draped bed a reclining figure turns drowsily and says, "Who is it?"

"Indeed!" answers the lad, rather sharply, and with a quick start of annoyance. "Who does she consider a man, then?—old Mr. March, I suppose?"

"Mr. March is not old—except in the opinion of twenty-one. He is a man in the prime of life, and Constance likes him very well, I think."

"Oh, Constance likes everybody," answers the young fellow; "but the question is, does she show any signs of loving him?"

"How can I tell?" answers his mother. "A girl like Constance is not easy to read. Her head is more full of amusing herself than anything else now."

"A very good proof," retorts Fred, good-humoredly, "that it is not full of Mr. March. Now, mother mine, being warm and dusty, and the least bit in the world tired, I think I ought to go and make my toilet."

"I ought to have thought of that before," says Mrs. Melfort, with some compunction. "You will find your room quite ready for you."

With eyes full of pride and fondness, she watches the tall, handsome young fellow as he goes out.

"I wish he did not think so much of Constance," she repeats to herself as he disappears, and she listens to his bounding step as he goes up-stairs. "But then, if his heart is really set on her, there is no use trying to make him wise."

She rises and moves across the floor—a slender, graceful woman, with traces of past beauty on her face—and approaches the slumbering occupant of the seat.

The sleep of the latter is less profound than it was evidenced by the fact that he has ceased to make sounds with his nasal organ, and as Mrs. Melfort draws near he opens his eyes.

"Confoundedly hot!" he says. "And the flies—striking viciously at them with a newspaper—torment one so that it is hardly possible to sleep! Why are you wandering about, Lydia, at this time of the afternoon? Why don't you lie down and take a siesta like other people?"

"Fred has come," she answers, in a tone which indicates that this would explain the most erratic conduct.

"Something kept me from sleeping, so I dressed and came to the sitting-room, and there I found the dear boy."

"Indeed! What brought him earlier than he expected?"

"His uncle left Thistlewood earlier than he expected, so Fred came on without delay. He was so eager for the pleasure of being at home."

The pleasure is not all on his side," says Mrs. Melfort; "I am glad the boy has come. Where is he?"

"Gone to make himself a little presentable; for besides travelling all night, he walked out from Cisbury."

"You see, dear," says her husband, "you ought to have let me send. Well, this is wonderfully warm and drowsy weather, so I think I shall drop off to sleep again, and when it grows cooler I shall get up and make myself presentable."

This resolution he promptly proceeds to execute, and Mrs. Melfort, left without anyone to whom she can talk about Fred, has no resource but to retire to a shady corner and think of him, laying many plans and building not a few air-castles for his future.

While she is thus sitting, her work-basket by her side, her needle travelling backwards and forwards over a hole in one of the children's stockings, she chances to look up, and sees a *mignon* figure, clad in white and crowned by a large hat, coming across the lawn.

Her first impulse is one of slight annoyance; her next to check herself and smile pleasantly as the new-comer—a delicate, demure maiden, whose child-like appearance is somehow compatible with the fact that she is not a child—ascends the steps and comes towards her.

"Good evening," Mrs. Melfort says, in a voice as delicate and demure as her appearance.

"Good evening, Gracie, my dear," replies Mrs. Melfort. Then, as the girl bends and kisses her, she says, "Did you not find it very warm walking over?"

"Not very," was the girl's reply. "I came through the woods, and there it is so shady. Is Constance not down yet?"

"I suppose, like most people in Devonshire at this moment, who don't need to work, she has gone to sleep."

"I suppose she has," Constance's sister says, in a tone of long-drawn-out sympathy. "You can go and wake her if you like, and tell her that Fred is here."

"Fred!—has he come?" says the girl, with a start, her eyes opening, and her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, quite unexpectedly an hour or two ago. You can imagine what a delightful surprise it was to me."

"I can imagine," says Grace in her soft, demure voice; "and what a delightful surprise it will be for Constance! I must go and tell her."

She steps lightly away, enters the broad, airy hall, and passes up the broad staircase, at the head of which she comes face to face with Fred himself, who, freshly attired, has issued from his room, and is about to descend.

"Why, Miss Grace, is it you?" he says, cordially putting out his hand. "How glad I am to see you again!"

"And how glad I am to see you back!" says she, glancing up from under her hat. "Mrs. Melfort was just telling me of your arrival, and I am going to carry the news to Constance."

"Tell her to come down quickly," answers her brother, "I want to see you both so much. I want to hear all that you have been doing since our frolics last Christmas."

"We have been vegetating chiefly," says Grace, with a little shrug. "It will not take long to tell what we have been doing; but you—your ought to have a great deal to tell."

"Not particularly much," is the reply. "I have really been studying hard, and I had my reward in coming in pretty well at the death!"

"We heard that," says the young lady, with a dead stare.

"Oh, it was nothing to be proud of!" says the young man. "I only aimed at the safe medium of respectability; books are not much in my line. But I must not keep you standing here; only

"With Constance," says Grace, smiling a quiet, inscrutable little smile. "I understand, and will bring her as soon as ever I can."

She gave him no time for a reply, but tripping past him, turned down a passage, and knocked at a door. A sleepy voice says, "Come in." She opens it, and enters.

In the half-light made by closed blinds only the dim outlines are apparent; but on the white-draped bed a reclining figure turns drowsily and says, "Who is it?"

"Indeed!" answers the lad, rather sharply, and with a quick start of annoyance. "Who does she consider a man, then?—old Mr. March, I suppose?"

"Mr. March is not old—except in the opinion of twenty-one. He is a man in the prime of life, and Constance likes him very well, I think."

"Oh, Constance likes everybody," answers the young fellow; "but the question is, does she show any signs of loving him?"

"How can I tell?" answers his mother. "A girl like Constance is not easy to read. Her head is more full of amusing herself than anything else now."

"A very good proof," retorts Fred, good-humoredly, "that it is not full of Mr. March. Now, mother mine, being warm and dusty, and the least bit in the world tired, I think I ought to go and make my toilet."

"I ought to have thought of that before," says Mrs. Melfort, with some compunction. "You will find your room quite ready for you."

With eyes full of pride and fondness, she watches the tall, handsome young fellow as he goes out.

"I wish he did not think so much of Constance," she repeats to herself as he disappears, and she listens to his bounding step as he goes up-stairs. "But then, if his heart is really set on her, there is no use trying to make him wise."

She rises and moves across the floor—a slender, graceful woman, with traces of past beauty on her face—and approaches the slumbering occupant of the seat.

The sleep of the latter is less profound than it was evidenced by the fact that he has ceased to make sounds with his nasal organ, and as Mrs. Melfort draws near he opens his eyes.

"Confoundedly hot!" he says. "And the flies—striking viciously at them with a newspaper—torment one so that it is hardly possible to sleep! Why are you wandering about, Lydia, at this time of the afternoon? Why don't you lie down and take a siesta like other people?"

"Fred has come," she answers, in a tone which indicates that this would explain the most erratic conduct.

"Something kept me from sleeping, so I dressed and came to the sitting-room, and there I found the dear boy."

"Indeed! What brought him earlier than he expected?"

"His uncle left Thistlewood earlier than he expected, so Fred came on without delay. He was so eager for the pleasure of being at home."

The pleasure is not all on his side," says Mrs. Melfort; "I am glad the boy has come. Where is he?"

"Gone to make himself a little presentable; for besides travelling all night, he walked out from Cisbury."

"You see, dear," says her husband, "you ought to have let me send. Well, this is wonderfully warm and drowsy weather, so I think I shall drop off to sleep again, and when it grows cooler I shall get up and make myself presentable."

This resolution he promptly proceeds to execute, and Mrs. Melfort, left without anyone to whom she can talk about Fred, has no resource but to retire to a shady corner and think of him, laying many plans and building not a few air-castles for his future.

While she is thus sitting, her work-basket by her side, her needle travelling backwards and forwards over a hole in one of the children's stockings, she chances to look up, and sees a *mignon* figure, clad in white and crowned by a large hat, coming across the lawn.

Her first impulse is one of slight annoyance; her next to check herself and smile pleasantly as the new-comer—a delicate, demure maiden, whose child-like appearance is somehow compatible with the fact that she is not a child—ascends the steps and comes towards her.

"Good evening," Mrs. Melfort says, in a voice as delicate and demure as her appearance.

"Good evening, Gracie, my dear," replies Mrs. Melfort. Then, as the girl bends and kisses her, she says, "Did you not find it very warm walking over?"

"Not very," was the girl's reply. "I came through the woods, and there it is so shady. Is Constance not down yet?"

"I suppose, like most people in Devonshire at this moment, who don't need to work, she has gone to sleep."

"I suppose she has," Constance's sister says, in a tone of long-drawn-out sympathy. "You can go and wake her if you like, and tell her that Fred is here."

"Fred!—has he come?" says the girl, with a start, her eyes opening, and her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, quite unexpectedly an hour or two ago. You can imagine what a delightful surprise it was to me."

"I can imagine," says Grace in her soft, demure voice; "and what a delightful surprise it will be for Constance! I must go and tell her."

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"Fred, hearing the well-known voice, rushes eagerly into the hall and meets her at the foot of the staircase."

"Fred, dear Fred, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, while he can say nothing, being struck dumb by the brightness of her beauty, and by his delight at seeing her.

"It is so nice of you to come when we were not expecting you!" she went on. "There is so much pleasure in surprise!"

"There is so much pleasure in being at home even twenty-four hours earlier than one had expected!" he returned. "Oh, Constance, how pretty you are!"

"Fred, I am grieved to see that you have not at all improved in *avoir faire*. You pay just as broad compliments as ever! Shall I return your kindness by saying that you have greatly improved? Is that a moustache you are cultivating?"

"I wonder you need ask," said he. "I consider it very promising one. I assure you. A condescending barber assured me the other day that it will be very heavy in six months."

"Why not six weeks? I detest to wait for anything—even for a moustache—to grow!"

"Jack's beardstick is the only thing that would have satisfied in the way of growth," said the first effusion of the meeting subsides, after which they go out to the lawn, where Mr. and Mrs. Melfort and the children are assembled.

Nothing could be more lovely and peaceful than the scene at this hour, for the sun has nearly touched the horizon.

The spreading fields and shadowy woods are full of summer richness and beauty, and the light breeze which is playing among the trees brings fragrant odors on its wings.

"I am glad you are not too much spoiled by the glances of Thistlewood, Fred, to appreciate our quiet charms," said Mr. Melfort, as in slippers and ease, he reclined in a large willow chair. "I have heard that it is a very fine place."

"Very fine, indeed," said Fred, "and about as lively as a penitentiary. Uncle Alick amuses himself taking medicines, you know. But when I'm there there's nothing on earth for me to do, and I am sometimes almost driven to thoughts of suicide."

"Why don't you brace yourself up with thoughts of the changes you will make when it falls to you?" said Constance. "I can tell you we all count wonderfully on the good time that's coming when you are the master of Thistlewood; don't we, mums?"

"Yes," replied the children, in chorus; while Charlie, the eldest boy, declared, "I think I'll live with you, Fred."

"Much obliged," said the young man; "but, frankly, I don't count on Thistlewood at all. Apart from the uncertainty of reckoning on dead men's shoes, my uncle's prospects for long life are as good, or better than mine. Hypochondriacs always live long."

"But they must die sometime, you know," said Constance. "Don't you ever give up the hope of reigning at Thistlewood?"

"You are quite right," said Mr. Melfort, on the other hand. "So, put Thistlewood, and any thought of possessing it, as much as possible out of your mind. Nothing is so ruinous to a young man's prospects of usefulness as to have a visible inheritance dangling just before his eyes. Why should I toil and deny myself pleasure, and lead a laborious life? he thinks. 'I shall be rich some day!' And so when that day comes—if it comes at all—he has frittered away his life in waiting for it! You must do better than that, my boy! Your uncle, as you have said, may live thirty years longer—and I am sure you would not grudge him one day of it—while there is no telling what caprice may influence his disposition of property at the last. Do not, therefore, suffer yourself to build any expectations on that. Act as if Thistlewood did not exist, and make yourself independent of any man's last will and testament!"

"Thank you, sir; I will," answered Fred, with rising color and kindling glance. "What you say, my uncle, is resolution. My uncle wants me to live at Thistlewood, and attend to his business—look after the estate, that is, and so on, which means virtually having no independent existence at all—and I have told him that I cannot do it, and that I must adopt a profession, and make a place in life for myself."

There is a moment's pause. No one thinks of Grace, and her quick eyes travel round the group and take in the different expressions of the countenances; the unqualified approval on Mr. Melfort's, the startled surprise on that of Constance, the steady light on Fred's.

"Then you are right," said Mr. Melfort. "Wealth can be bought too dearly, if independence is paid for it."

"But I mean to use that money," his father's only brother has a right to provide for Frederick, almost as if he were his father, said Mrs. Melfort. "I fear, my boy, you have been rash."

"My opinion is not worth much of course," said Constance; "but I think you have been brave and wise, Fred. Fancy spending your youth giving boluses to Mr. Osborne!"

"Fancy spending it in any way, subject to another man's control and whims!" exclaimed Fred. "I would not endure such bondage for a dozen Thistlewoods. Don't look so grave, mother. If I am not able to rise on my own merits, I had better sink and be done with it."

"That is a boy's idea," said Mrs. Melfort. "I hope I am not mercenary, but certainly—and she looks appealingly at her husband—"Thistlewood should be yours; and if you refuse to be your uncle's companion, he may find another, and so be influenced to leave the property which is in no way fettered by entail, away from you."

"So be it," said the young man, cheerfully. "I can bear that prospect of spending the best part of my life waiting for a man to die. It would simply come to this—I should murder him at last."

"Oh, Fred!"

"Sorry to shock you, mother; but truth is mighty, and must prevail. There is the dinner-bell, and if ever a hungry mortal was glad of the sound, I am."

"I should think so, indeed," said Constance; "after traveling all the morning, and walking over from Cisbury. You shall have your old seat, and plenty of peaches and cream. Are you still as fond of that dessert?"

"They go in for a very easy going dinner, a very happy merry group, notwithstanding the doubts as to the certainty of young Osborne ultimately inheriting Thistlewood."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid? What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

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There was generally fun of some kind about in this household, but the arrival of their brother had sent the merriment of the children's spirits up to fever heat, and Constance is quite ready to aid and abet them.

Grace never altogether loses her demure quietness, but yet to a certain extent she joins in the general mirth. When dinner and tea, which follows soon, were over, Fred goes out to smoke a cigar, and having lit it, volunteers at the drawing-room window the information that it is a lovely, cool evening.

"Yes; it is far too lovely to stay indoors," said Constance. "Come, Gracie, let us go out."

"You and Fred can take me home, if you like, as the penitentiary conclusion of our walk. That will be pleasant."

"The walk will be pleasant," answered Constance, "any time between this and midnight. There is no need that you should be in haste."

"No need," replied the girl, "as far as you and Fred are concerned; but if I wait long, somebody is sure to be sent for me, and that is useless."

Since Constance knows from experience in the past that the somebody sent will be a rude and disagreeable brother, she does not press delay, but only says, "We can change all that now that Fred has come. Tell them, hereafter, you need never be sent for, as we can always send Fred home with you."

Grace only smiles, and gets her hat, kisses Mrs. Melfort, says good-night to Mr. Melfort, and announces herself ready.

Constance makes no preparation beyond gathering up the filmy skirts of her dress, and unheeding dew or night air, or any other terror of the prudent mind, steps out into the fragrance and poetry of the midsummer night.

CHAPTER III.

Attended by the tall young man, the two young girls take their way across the lawn and flower-garden to where a gate opens on a path that runs through the woods for a mile, and emerges at the borders of the Belmonts' property.

In daylight it is a lovely walk, and very shaded, as Grace averred to Mrs. Melfort that afternoon; but after dusk has fallen it is a little awesome.

"What contemptible creatures girls are!" exclaimed Constance, meditatively as the gate closed behind them. "How dreadfully afraid you and I, Gracie, would be to take this walk either alone or together; while with Fred to guard us, we have not a sensation of fear, but are as brave as lions."

"I don't call that being contemptible," said Grace; "girls are so weak. What could we do if anything frightened us?"

"We could run," answered Constance. "And Fred knows that when I do run nothing can catch me."

"I know you are fleet as a deer," said Fred. "But Gracie is right; girls are too weak to be daring. I wonder that women possess as much courage as they do; it must be such a demoralizing thing to feel helpless."

"It is," said Grace. "I am glad you acknowledge that when we are brave we deserve more credit than men do. I often think that if I had a man's strength

ATTENDED BY THE TALL YOUNG MAN, THE TWO GIRLS TAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE F

TRUE HEROISM.

That Which Endures Earth's Hardness,

And Nerves the Christian Soldier to Battle for the Right.

A Crown for Those Who Suffer the Hardships of Life

In Defense of Weak Humanity and for the Father's Sake.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 13.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., the celebrated Brooklyn preacher, arrived here yesterday morning. The Jefferson avenue Presbyterian church was crowded this morning, when he delivered an eloquent sermon. The hymn sung was:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "A New Scroll of Martyrs," and the text, II. Timothy, 2, 3: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness," Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink; but withered ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than those whose names started nations, and seraphs and rapt spirits and archangels will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

HEROES OF THE SICK ROOM.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth Thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out, what we have found out, that sickness is the great test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything—to be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastille; to be so nervous you can not endure the tap of a child's foot, to have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor; or to put the foot into a vice, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, more women than men who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatism and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily diseases that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and from day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was weaker than the "good night" before; yet never sad. The child looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield, amid shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery could cure. No shout of comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness; yet willing to suffer, confident in God and hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of lifelong invalidism—heroes and heroines they shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

HEROES OF TOIL.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is very easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by the large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that our sentiments are adopted; but to do a thing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment brown back on you to be done over again; to build a well and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim, and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve! Ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-fields of our late war were not Gettysburg, and Shiloh, and South Mountain. The great battle-fields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops, and in the attics, where women made army jackets for six pence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God this morning I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle, heroes of the sewing machine, heroes of the attic, heroes of the cellar, heroes and heroines, bless God for them!

HEROES OF INJURY.

In this roll I also find the heroes who

have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustice. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their own homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he goes out of it, the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation, but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose.

But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife who is a perpetual martyr. Something heavier than the stroke of the fist, unkind words—staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when, in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire; but here is fifty years' martyrdom, fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rolicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the dead drunk husband into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal; bending over the bruised and battered form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness, before they were asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrow, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" And rallying her trembling voice, and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered.

O ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on the pale brow! When she is dead the neighbors will begin to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trials and anguish. The gamblers, the swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two christian women who presided over the obsequies; but there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in; ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endure all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

I find also in this roll the heroes of christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth who gave tens and hundreds and thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who out of their pinched poverty help others—of such men as those christian missionaries at the west who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people. One of them, writing to the secretary in New York, says: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." I am speaking of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungry; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or immigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is; God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have had only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, and may only have picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or put only two mites into the treasury; but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion and the old hat will become a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in His kingdom, and to say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servants!" You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth, and yet looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste, but I was not so deeply stirred—as I was at the tombstone at the foot of that Abbey. The tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes; the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" O, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it.

A SCOTCH HEROINE.

Who are those who were bravest and

Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried: "He said: 'Don't cry! don't cry!' He is not a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! it seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die, like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner, to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claverhouse, "look out! If you are going to pray, steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace and good will, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven; and as for these poor creatures, bludgeoned and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it is too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this little place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenceless fellow-creature, may they in the Last Judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy but faithful servant, A. en." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour is come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now for the love of God to let me die?" She put her arms around him, and said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed by the name of the Lord!" "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse; "I have had enough of it. Soldiers do your work. Take aim! Fire!" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head, gathering them up for burial, Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me. I had no reason for thinking any thing but well of him, and I think better of him now."

O, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines! Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods, and those who had sceptres and crowns and thrones; but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity! I beat the drums of their eternal despair? Woe! woe! woe!

CORONATION DAY.

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on earth; world-renowned people? No, they taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they were little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That's all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth; she is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the broken-hearted. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard on these, His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the scabbard. As he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty, with unsheathed sword, fights for you?

I preach this sermon this morning in comfort. Go home to the place where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you don't know where your children are to get bread, listen and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the Disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain-field and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man? "I have been young and now am old; yet have not I seen the righteous forsaken, nor is seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement. O troubled soul! O sewing women! O men kicked and ousted by unjust employers? O ye who are hard beset in the battle of life, and know not which way to turn! O you bereft ones! O you sick ones with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Let

ten to our Great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God!"

From the force of habit an auctioneer one day put his thumb under the hammer. It was soon healed by rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil.

Lucian Scott, of Leavenworth, is the richest man in Kansas. He is worth over \$2,000,000.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHITS are a simple remedy and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

Dressed raccoon meat is regularly kept on sale at Cloverdale, Cal., butchers' stalls.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphates. Very Palatable and Efficacious in Wasting Diseases.

Dr. C. T. Bromser, Rochester, N. Y., says: "After having used Scott's Emulsion with decided benefit upon myself, I have taken great pleasure in recommending it since in the various conditions of wasting in which it is indicated."

The cost of the police in England and Wales during the past year was about \$18,000,000.

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief from the first application. Price 50c.

From Col. C. H. Mackey, 321 Iowa Infantry: "I have now been using Ely's Cream Balm for three months, and am experiencing no trouble from catarrh whatever. I have been a sufferer for twenty years."—C. H. Mackey, Sigourney, Iowa.

Public Meeting.

A meeting of the church and congregation of the First Presbyterian church, will be held Monday evening, the 22nd inst., at seven and a half o'clock, in the lecture rooms, for the purpose of authorizing the trustees of said church, to issue \$25,000 bonds secured by a mortgage on said church property, and for such other business as shall legally be transacted. By order of the board.

FRED. J. HAYDEN, Secretary.

It will pay you to go to Seavey's, at Prescott's old stand, if you want fine table wear. 17eodlv

Christmas and New Year Holiday Excursion.

The Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville R. R. will sell cheap excursion tickets from and to all stations on Dec. 24, 25 and 31, 1885 and Jan. 1, 1886. Tickets good going on all regular trains of above dates and good to return until and including January 2, 1886. All persons should avail themselves of this opportunity to visit friends and relatives at a trifling cost for transportation.

TAKE THE LIVER REGULATOR

For all Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen.

This purely vegetable preparation, now so called, is a Family Medicine, contained in the South in 1878. It acts gently on the bowels and kidneys, and corrects the action of the liver, therefore, the best preparatory medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, without the aid of any other medicine, effect a speedy cure.

The Regulator is safe to administer in any condition of the system, and under no circumstances can it do harm. It will not excite like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage, and will not produce any of the effects of alcohol. It will not produce any of the effects of alcohol. It will not produce any of the effects of alcohol.

No loss of time, no interruption of business, while taking the Regulator.

Children complaining of Colic, Headache, or Sick Stomach, a teaspoonful or more will give relief.

If taken occasionally by patients exposed to MALARIA, will expel the poison and protect them from attack.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a reliable compound that would give so much relief, regular, promptly and effectively, as the Liver Regulator, and at the same time, instead of weakening, the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. HENCKES, M. D., Washington, Ark.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co.

—ORANGE, MASS.—

30 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY

Catarrh Can be Cured

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, is caused by secretions taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from its varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

The Best Medicine

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Serious consequences are liable to ensue if catarrh is not attended to in season. The disease frequently destroys the sense of smell, and often develops into bronchitis or pulmonary consumption. Undoubtedly many cases of consumption originate in catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh and has even effected remarkable cures of consumption itself, in its early stages. A book containing statements of many cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, will be sent free to all who send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh and Impure Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. RALL, Syracuse, N. Y. "I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving." FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

H. W. Mordhurst.



DRUGGIST,

Will Remove January 2 to his new and elegant five story Building No. 74 Calhoun Street; (opposite Avenue House), four doors south of present location.

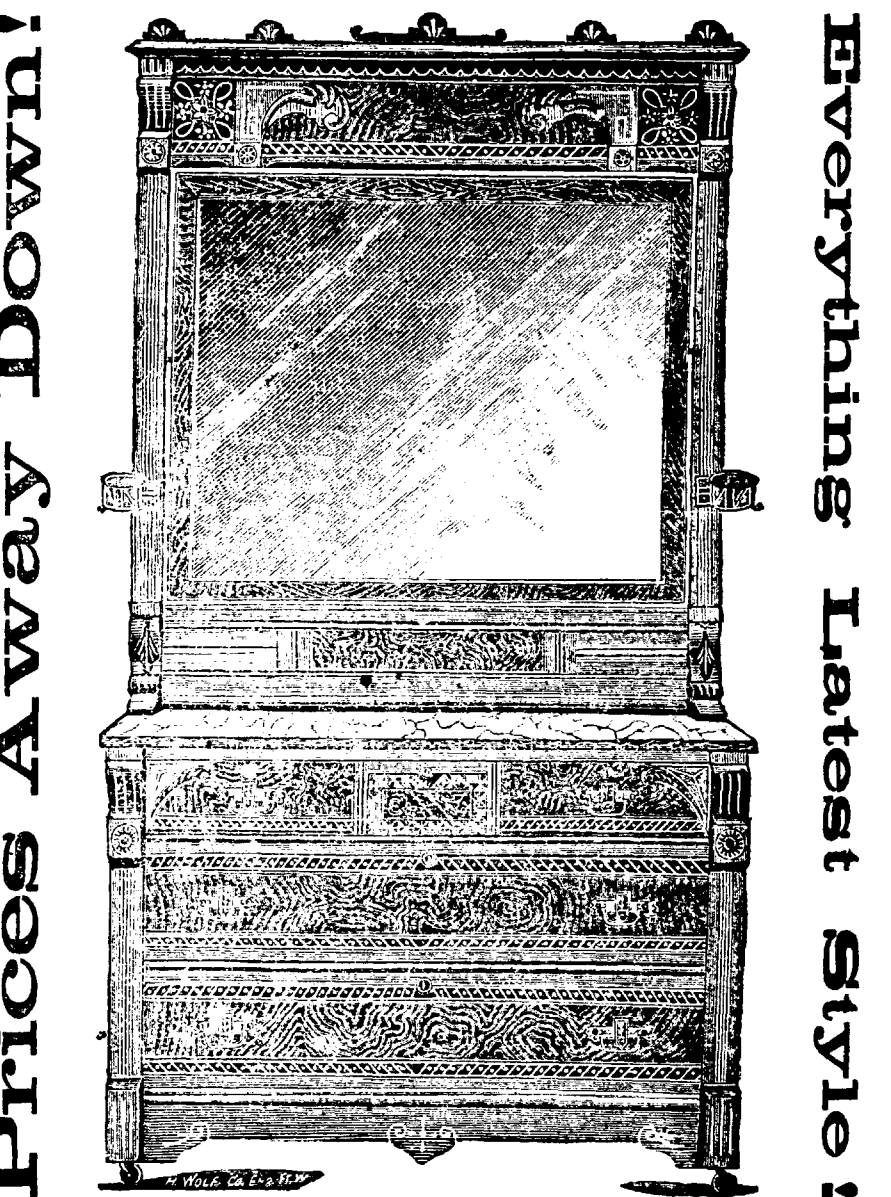
PURE DRUGS. REASONABLE PRICES.

ONE WORD WITH YOU!

If you want to see the Finest Furniture ever Brought the the city, go to the

PETERS BOX & LUMBER COMPANY,

On West Main Street.



This is the best place in the city to get your Christmas Presents.

CATARRH CREAM BALM.

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell, hearing. A quick relief. A Positive Cure. A Particulate is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. 50c by mail or at druggists. Send for circular.

WHEAT Baking Powder.

(GOLD MEDAL AT NEW ORLEANS.)

Endorsed by the leading Hotels in the Country.

Approved by the Government Chemists for the Indian Commission.

MARTIN KALFFLEISCH'S SONS.

Established 1828. NEW YORK.

PHOSACID.

WHEAT Baking Powder.

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Endorsed by the leading Hotels in the Country.

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MARTIN KALFFLEISCH'S SONS.

Established 1828. NEW YORK.

PHOSACID.

10-wed&satmo

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 78 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 60 West Wayne Street

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence

NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,

Where he will give exclusive attention

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

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DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

A FAIR TRIAL IN TERRE HAUTE.

The nineteenth century is said to be the age of skepticism, and so perhaps it is as regards religion, but its practical spirit inclines it to look favorably on everything that promises immediate benefit, and it is always ready to give everything that seems useful a fair trial. The West especially has been open and cordial to all new ideas, and this may partly explain why Athlaphora, the sovereign remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia, has secured such a strong footing in Terre Haute. A well-known citizen who has the most implicit faith in it is Mr. R. Forster, the furniture dealer at No. 320 Main street. Mr. Forster, when recently asked at his warehouse as to the benefit he had derived from Athlaphora, answered as follows:

"Yes, I have used Athlaphora with the very best satisfaction. I have had neuralgia for many years, and could not find any medicine that would give me relief until I commenced using Athlaphora, and I can tell you I had used about everything."

"How did you first get confidence enough in Athlaphora to try it?"

"Well, it was just in this way. I was suffering very much at the time from my neuralgia. One Saturday evening Mr. Mallette, a manufacturer of wire mattresses, who is in business in Chicago, and lives at Elgin, Ill., came down to spend Sunday with me. Finding me suffering as I was he said:

"Get some Athlaphora. It is good, my wife used it and was cured of her neuralgia by it."

"Without waiting for me to say much about it he went out and bought a bottle of the medicine. I took some that night and the next day I was as free from pain as if I had never had neuralgia. I spent several hours in a walk that Sunday with Mr. Mallette, which the day before would have been misery for me. During the summer months I am never troubled with neuralgia, but if I should begin I would certainly use Athlaphora, for I am fully convinced of its merits."

"I have recommended Athlaphora to several persons and have yet to learn of an instance where it did not accomplish its mission. Among others I recommended it to Mrs. Richards, who lives in Casey, Ill. I saw her in the city a few days ago and asked her if she had used it. She said that she had taken two bottles. It was helping her, and she said that she was going to get some more."

Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, of No. 123 South Second street, is another resident of Terre Haute, Ind., whom Athlaphora has cured. "I used it for neuralgia," she says, "and it cured me. I had been troubled for about three years with what seemed at times neuralgia, and then again rheumatism. I was never free from pain. The very first dose of Athlaphora I took gave me relief, and after using only two bottles my soreness is all gone and I am feeling much stronger. My daughter was also cured of neuralgia by it."

"Yes, I can say Athlaphora did everything for me," is the daughter's statement. "I was so sick with neuralgia that I could not sit up and suffered the greatest pain. Mother sent me a half bottle of Athlaphora, the first few doses of which gave me relief. All I used was the half bottle and I have not had any neuralgia since."

If you cannot get Athlaphora of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us. Write to ATHLAPHORA CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.

THE OPEN GRATE.

Before the snapping, glowing grate,
We sit, my wife and I together,
And happy in our little circle,
Defy this dull November weather.

There's nothing like a blazing fire
To make a man feel blithe and jolly,
To raise his drooping spirits higher
And drive away his melancholy.

And we enjoy, my wife and I,
Our cheery fire when darkness hovers,
And while the cold winds moan and sigh
We sit there like a pair of lovers.

I sometimes think that there must be
Some subtle witchery about it,
But this I know, I can not see
How we could ever do without it.

So every night it's lighted now,
For thus we both of us have willed it,
And every night we have a row,
To settle which of us shall build it.

—Somerville Journal.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(Cleveland Leader.)



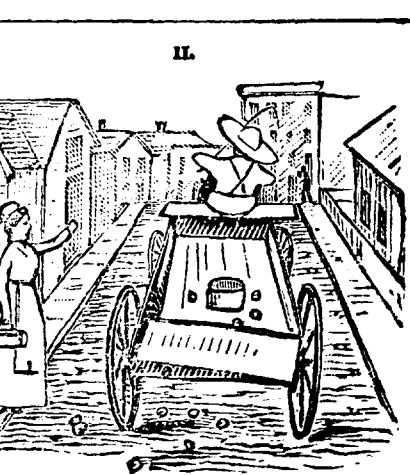
"Apples, apples, apples!"

A SMOKING MINISTER.

Two Good Stories of a Quick-Witted Methodist Minister.

Rev. C. D. Bunn is a remarkably eloquent and witty member of one of the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has a peculiar drawl, which adds much to the mirth-provoking character of his sayings. He is, withal, exceedingly bald and much addicted to smoking. When he preached in the young men of his acquaintance used to draw him a great deal, for the sake of chaffing him out. One day he was asked how it happened that some men grew very bald so early in age, while others were well covered. "Well," said he, "some people's heads run to hair and some to brains."

At the Northport camp-meeting one day a brother was walking about in the woods, meditating upon a sermon, when he saw smoke curling up from the roots of a large tree that had been leveled by a storm. Mounting the trunk he crept cautiously along and peeped over the end. There sat Brother B., pulling away at a T. D. pipe.



"Whoa! Only 'steen cents a peck."

The good brother was very much shocked, and hailed him with:

"Hello, Brother Bunn! Are you offering incense to the devil?"

Brother Bunn slowly lifted his eyes to the intruder's face, settled back into his old position and drawled out:

"Ya as. But I didn't know he was so near." — Detroit Free Press.

One Price Only.

"Schentlemens, schostalk vank in and look at dose vintor goots."

"How much is this overco?"

"Twenty tollars for dot overgoat, and dot was making you a bresent of dot overgoat."

"That's too high."

"I dells you Misher Githooly. I have only you bres, I never dells 'Githost' read dot sign on der vaif 'Githost' 'Githost'."

"O, that means you fix the prices to suit yourself. 'Twenty tollars is too much.'"

"I believe you heard me ven I tole you I had only von price, twenty tollars."

"It's not worth seven and a half."

Mose Schaumburg, eagerly: "Vill yer give dot?" — Texas Sittings.

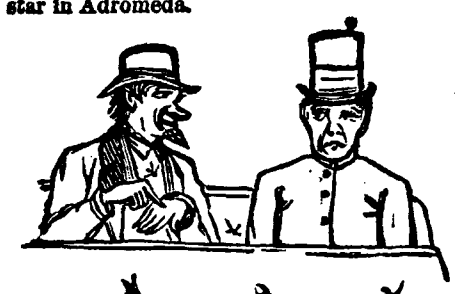


BY THE WAY.

Some Passengers Whose Acquaintance All of Us Have Made.

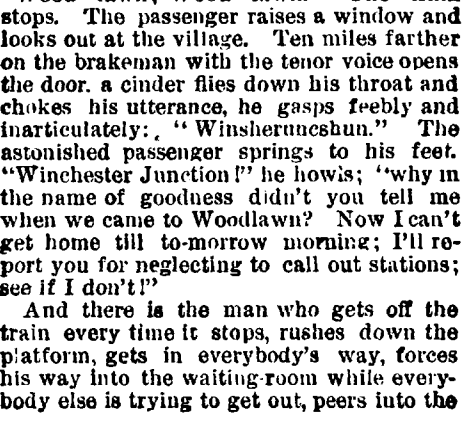
Now there abideth on the railway car, and travel up and down the land therein, the citizen whose name is Legion. William H. E. Legion, of Legionville, Legion County, and this is the manner of man he is:

One of him talketh politics. From the time he getteth upon the train until he stepeth off he talketh the local politics of Doddington County into the weary ears of the stranger from Farther India, who knoweth about American politics far less than the pig at the corn pen knoweth about the new star in Adromeda.



And another of him is the man who gets carried by. Never a train run upon wheels that did not carry some man by. The brakeman, with the rich tenor voice, opens the front door and shrieks, in ear-splitting falsetto: "Wood lawn! Wood lawn!" Then the brakeman, with a deep bass voice, opens the rear door and roars: "Wood lawn! Wood lawn!" The train boy goes down the aisle with his books and apples and squeaks: "Wood lawn! Wood lawn!" Finally enters the conductor, who says in tones of impressive dignity and official authority: "Wood lawn! Wood lawn!" The train stops. The passenger raises a window and looks out at the village. Ten miles farther on the brakeman with the tenor voice opens the door, a cinder flies down his throat and chokes his utterance, he gasps feebly and inarticulately. "Wishersnessun!" The astonished passenger springs to his feet. "Wishersnessun!" he howls; "why in the name of goodness didn't you tell me when we came to Woodlawn? Now I can't get home till to-morrow morning! I'll report you for neglecting to call out stations; see if I don't!"

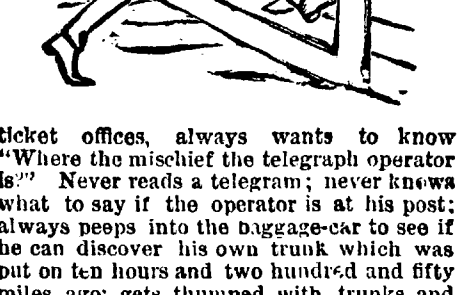
And there is the man who gets off the train every time it stops, rushes down the platform, gets in everybody's way, forces his way into the waiting room while everybody else is trying to get out, peers into the



ticket offices, always wants to know "Where the mischief the telegraph operator is?" Never reads a telegram; never knows what to say if the operator is at his post; always peeps into the baggage-car to see if he can discover his own trunk which was put on ten hours and two hundred and fifty miles ago; gets thumped with trunks and pinched by trucks; gets deeper in the way every time he tries to get out of it; never sees anybody he knows on the whole trip, and would be amazed if he did, and rides in his seat so little of the time that it doesn't pay him to claim it when he sees any one else in it, although that is the only time he wants it.

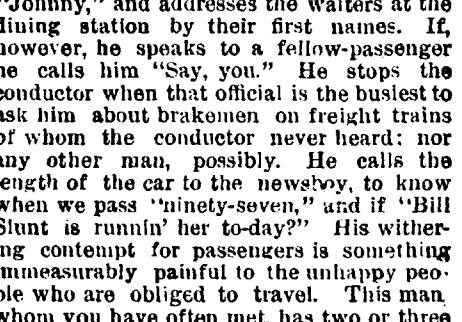
And there is the man who is familiar with all the train men; he calls the conductor "George" and the brakeman "Johnny," and addresses the waiters at the dining station by their first names. If, however, he speaks to a fellow-passenger he calls him "Say, you." He stops the conductor when that official is the busiest to ask him about brakemen on freight trains of whom the conductor never heard; nor any other man, possibly. He calls the length of the car to the newby, to know when we pass "twenty-seven," and if "Bill Stunt is runnin' her to-day." His withering contempt for passengers is something immeasurably painful to the unhappy people who are obliged to travel. This man, whom you have often met, has two or three originals. He usually travels on a trip pass, and used to sweep out the general offices when the regularly ordained janitor had to take the Superintendent's place. He isn't a railroad man, but he'd give both his legs if he could make people think he is.

There are two men in a seat near the stove exchanging recipes for rheumatism and other ills to which human flesh is heir. One of them had the "jaunders" all last spring. They "come onto" him just as he was getting over a spell of "neuralgia," and left him just in time for two weeks' "rassled with lumbago in the spine of his back." That isn't what ails him now,



though. It's this "miasma in his system" and the things he has been and is yet taking for it are numerous enough and various enough to kill off a county alms-house. The other man had a "malignant tumor" on his hip all winter, and the only thing his doctor could do with it was to throw him into a "bronchial fever," the effects of which were still painfully apparent in his ebullient and exuberant throat. Every time he "swollers" he'd "druther die 'n swoller again." So these two sufferers while away weary hours telling each other infallible cures for all the things the other man has.

And then there are four other people on the train; they are on every train that ever turned a wheel. The two young married people who have been married, and the unsympathetic other two young people, the two who want to be married. — Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.



Not Familiar with Them.

Miss Clara—Can you call the names of the different stars and constellations, Mr. Featherby?

Featherby—Oh, yes. There is the north star and the evening star and the Great Bear and the Little Dipper and the Milky Way, and all the rest, Oh, yes.

Miss Clara—The Great Bear is called Ursa Major, is it not?

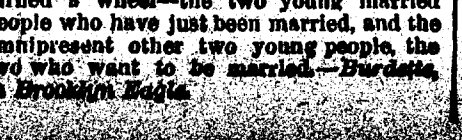
Featherby—Oh, you mean do I know bear technical names? I am ashamed to confess I do not. — N. Y. Times.

The Amenities of Life.

"You are a liar, sir."

"Ah!" returned the first speaker, mollified. "I was mistaken. Please accept my apology."

"Don't mention it," replied the other, smiling. "I was mistaken, too." — N. Y. Times.



RELIGIOUS.

Do not fail to read Talmage's sermon. It is good from beginning to end.

Services at Trinity church to-morrow morning at 10:45 a. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m., and evening service at 7:30 by the pastor.

There will be services, conducted by the pastor, Geo. P. Slade, at Christian chapel to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All are made welcome at these services, at corner Griffith and Jefferson streets.

Services at Simpson M. E. church to-morrow morning and evening. Preaching by Rev. J. P. Nash, the pastor being called away for the day to preach. Social meetings and Sunday school as usual. A cordial welcome to all.

The Sabbath service of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at their rooms at 3:30, standard time, to-morrow. W. T. Ferguson, M. D., will lead the meeting. The service is for men only, not for railroad men only, but for all men.

At the Wayne Street M. E. church to-morrow services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. F. F. Brown, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The subject of the morning sermon will be "The Essential Graces of the Church." All are invited.

If you have no church home, come to the 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. services at the Baptist house of worship to-morrow. The chorus choir of forty voices will open the evening services with "The Song of the Soldiers." Free seats. Come with your friends and neighbors.

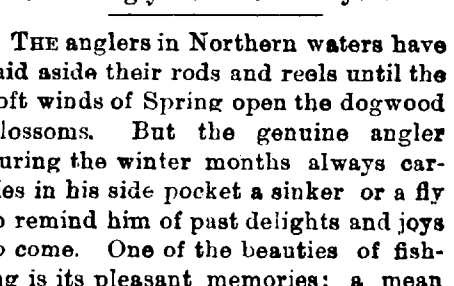
Services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All are invited. In the Sabbath school to-morrow afternoon, tickets will be issued to the scholars, teachers and parents for the Santa Claus entertainment Christmas eve.

Grace Reformed church, East Washington street, Rev. T. J. Bacher, pastor. Subject at 10:30 a. m. service: "The Greatest Question in the Advent Season." Evening subject, at 7:30: "Seeing the Invisible." To both these services a cordial invitation is extended to the public. Come.

Services in the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting at 6:45. Rev. E. A. Hazeltine has returned from his eastern trip and will give in the morning the fourth sermon on the person and work of Christ: subject, "Christ, Our Deliverer in Temptation."

Third Presbyterian church. Preaching by Rev. H. M. Paynter, of Chicago. Morning services, 10:30. Subject, "Love Shown by Obedience." Evening services, 7:30. Subject, "Gracious Invitations." Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30. Strangers, young men, and all who have no church home, are cordially invited to all their services. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord has promised good to Israel." Bring your bibles with you.

The anglers in Northern waters have laid aside their rods and reels until the soft winds of Spring open the dogwood blossoms. But the genuine angler during the winter months always carries in his side pocket a sinker or a fly to remind him of past delights and joys to come. One of the beauties of fishing is its pleasant memories; a mean man may fish to kill time, but he never loves the sport. When the grandest news that was ever sent to the world was ready to be healded, neither priests, nor doctors, nor lawyers, nor statesmen, nor merchants, nor editors were chosen to repeat the "glad tidings," but humble fishermen of Galilee.



The Christian Advocate

says: "A general complaint that spares neither class nor condition of person, is seated in the liver. It may be truly said this is our national disease, and it gives us great pleasure to hear or read the testimony of persons well known veracity and intelligence to prove the value of Simmons Liver regulator as a remedy. The printed and verbal testimony of so many friends and acquaintances satisfies us that this is one of the exceptions to the general humbuggery of medical specialties."

Kissimmee is a Florida place where mistletoe appropriately grows.

Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable and is made expressly for all diseases of the kidneys.

Extraordinary success everywhere. A sure cure for all kidney diseases is Hunt's Remedy.

For early loss of physical power. A sure cure is found in Hunt's Remedy. Never fails.

S. Pennock & Sons Co., pioneers in the Road Machine business, have during the last year enjoyed such a successful and increasing trade that they have established headquarters in each of the principal western states. On account of the trade being pushed into the far west and assuming such immense proportions the western branch is to be moved from Fort Wayne to Peoria, Ill., that it may be nearer the center of operations. The business that has been done in this city will in future be divided between the Peoria branch and the Indiana State Agency at Indianapolis. 12-21

The Fort Wayne Turnverein will hold their regular monthly hop at Arion hall, Thursday evening, December 31. Tickets, 50 cents, including ladies. Everybody invited to come and have a good time. 12, 14, 19, 22, 26, 28, 30, 31

Christmas cards at your own price at the Aveline House book store, 18c

Wabash Route.

Excursion rates for the holidays. Tickets sold December 24, 25 and 31, and January 1, all good to return until January 2.

Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, Opposite the Jewelry Store.

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE A. LOAG.



ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PREPARED BY F. J. SCHMIDT, DRUGGIST, 117 E. CENTER ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.
THE PATENTED T. JOULES CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

FOR COUGHS, CROUP
AND
CONSUMPTION USE
TAYLOR'S
"CHEROKEE"
REMEDY



of SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN.
The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup and whooping-cough. When combined with the healing mucilage of mullein, it forms in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN the most known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-cough and consumption, and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25c and \$1.00.
WALTER T. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

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CHOCOLATE,
COFFEE,
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LEMON, } 5c

Hot Beef Tea, 10c.
After considerable expense we are prepared to offer these cold weather drinks, as drawn in the large cities with such great success.

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—DEALER IN—
Hard and Soft Coal.
Blacksmith Coal,
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\$1, \$2, \$3 or \$5 for a sample retail box by express of the
BEST CANDIES
In America, put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents.
Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
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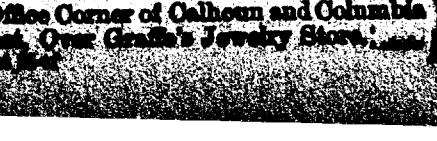
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Brass goods of all kinds.
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a permanent cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING CONVULSIONS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I feel no more for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a complete and Free Booklet of my infallible remedy. \$10.00 by express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial. I will cure you. DR. H. G. ROY, 125 Pearl St., New York.

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DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one of the noted specialists of the day. Cured himself and has cured many others, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address: P. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th street, New York City.

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Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to all who are afflicted with Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia and all troubles arising from GENERAL DEBILITY. For sale everywhere. Address: J. B. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.
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CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by the use of ten thousand cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, I cannot say that I have cured a single case, but I have cured a large number of cases. I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a full and complete treatise on the disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. order. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 1st Pearl St., New York.

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Palma Sola, Florida.

The paradise of invalids! The home of tropical fruits! Climate unsurpassed! No frost! No extremes of heat or cold! No malaria! Ground high and dry! Plenty of pine! and the finest hunting and fishing in America.

PALMA SOLA has the name of being the largest, prettiest and youngest town in Florida. It is beautifully located on the Gulf Coast, two miles above the mouth of the Suwannee river. Already the iron horse is winding its way to Palma Sola, and soon the tourist will arrive at its first-class hotel, where he can get a meal to suit his pocket and taste.

Palma Sola possesses the largest store in Southern Florida, with sawmill, furniture, manufacturing, packing houses, warehouses, churches, school house, postoffice, stores, beautiful residences, and a large wharf at which ocean steamers arrive daily from Tampa.

WARREN LELAND, Jr., of "Long Branch," fame, has secured a location at Palma Sola for the erection of a winter resort. The prediction is a safe one, based as it is upon the natural advantages and attractions of the place, that he will make this the "LONG BRANCH" of FLORIDA, and other large hotels will be built.

With the completion of the railroad, this will be the terminus and the direct route to Havana, Cuba. Lots will double and quadruple their present prices. Now is the time to buy.

LOTS 100x300 ft. \$45 to \$200 per lot. We want PALMA SOLA to keep booming, and as an inducement to the public, and to thoroughly advertise this beautiful place, WE WILL GIVE AWAY a JAWBREAKER, a number ONLY of our lots, giving lots ALTERNATELY as they come (corner lots excepted) charging applicants for the expense of deed, transfer, etc., which will not exceed \$20. Applicants can send postal money order with application to insure promptness, otherwise deeds will be sent O. D. Applications must not be surprised at the return of their money, as being LIMITED the first come will be first served. Title Perfect. Full Warranty Deed.

Send for pamphlet. Address PALMA SOLA LAND COMPANY, 33 South William St., New York, N. Y.

REFERENCES:—
B. S. Henning, Esq., Pres. Fla. R. R. and Nav. Co.
Postmaster, Palma Sola, Florida.
H. B. Plant, Esq., Pres. Southern Express Co.
John S. Beach, Esq., Pres. Prairie City Bank, Terre Haute, Ind.
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WANTED—LADIES to work for us at their own homes. \$7 to \$10 per week can be quietly made. No photo painting; no canvassing. For full particulars, please address, at once, Crescent Art Co., Boston, Mass. Box 5170.

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Lift and Force Pumps,
Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls
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On gas fixtures, ranges, stoves, and made to order.

Lots of People Say,

"OH MY BACK."

Here is Solid
A TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.

"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy I have been completely cured." — William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.

Health is better than wealth."

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Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1188 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young man by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"

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CLEANSER, PURIFIER AND BEAUTIFIER
BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

FOR cleansing the skin and scalp of disfiguring humors, itching, burning, inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of eczema, psoriasis, milk crust, scurf, head, scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases. Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally.

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We have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for the past three or four years, and have never heard aught but good words in their favor. Your Cuticura Soap is decidedly the best selling medicine in the world, and is highly prized here for its soothing and softening effect upon the skin.

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Winchester, Va.

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Our sales of Cuticura are so large, if not larger, than any medicine we sell; and we assure you that we have never had a single instance in which the purchaser was dissatisfied. As to your Soap, we can sell no other, every-where.

MILLER & CHAPMAN, Druggists.
Louisiana, Mo.

SAIT RHEUM CURED.

Two of the worst cases of salt rheum I ever saw were cured by your Cuticura Remedies, and their sales exceed those of all other like remedies. I sell very little of any other medicinal Soap than Cuticura.

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I have been selling your Cuticura Remedies for the last six years, and I find that they give universal satisfaction. They cured me of a severe case of Barber's Itch when other remedies failed.

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DOCTORS PRESCRIBE THEM.

The Cuticura Remedies are excellent remedies for all skin diseases.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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The great Balsamic Distillation of Witch-Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fr., Marigold, Clover Blossoms, etc., called SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, for the immediate relief and permanent cure of every form of catarrh, from a simple cold in the head to loss of smell, taste and hearing, cough and catarrhal consumption. Complete treatment, consisting of one bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, may now be had of all druggists for \$1.00. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

Complete Treatment, With Inhaler, \$1.
"The only absolute specific we know of."
Med. Times, "The best we have found in a lifetime of suffering."—Rev. Dr. Wiggin, Boston.
"After a long struggle with catarrh, the Radical Cure has conquered."—Rev. S. W. Munroe, Lewisburg, Pa. "I have not known a case that it did not relieve at once."—Andrew Lee, Manchester, Mass.

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"I MUST GIVE UP, I cannot bear this pain, I am all over, and nothing I try does me any good." Backache, weakness, uterine pains, soreness, lameness, hacking cough, pleurisy and chest pains cured by the new, original and elegant antiseptic and inflammation the Cuticura anti-pain plaster. Especially adapted to ladies by reason of its delicate color and gentle medicinal action. At druggist, 25c.; five for \$1, mailed free. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. All the simple remedies were applied to alleviate the pain, but the place continued to grow, finally extending into my nose, from which came a yellowish discharge very offensive in character. It was also inflamed, and annoyed me a great deal. About eight months ago I was in Atlanta, at the house of a friend, who strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific. I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The inflammation of the medicine at first was somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflammation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am strong, energetic, and able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it. It is only a little scar marks the place where it had been. I am ready to answer all questions relative to this cure.

Mrs. JOICIE A. McDONALD,
Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

I have had a cancer on my face for some years, extending from one cheek bone across the nose to the other. It has given me great deal of pain, at times burning and itching to such an extent that it was painful to unbearably. I commenced using Swift's Specific in May, 1885, and have used eight bottles. It has given the greatest relief by removing the inflammation and restoring my general health.

W. H. BARNES.
Knoxville, Iowa, Sept. 8, 1885.

For many years I was a sufferer with cancer of the nose, and having been cured by the use of S. S. S., I feel constrained by a sense of duty to suffering humanity to make this statement of my case. With the 14th bottle the cancer began to heal rapidly and soon disappeared, and for several months there has been no appearance of a sore of any kind on my nose or face, neither is my nose at all tender to the touch. I have taken about two dozen bottles S. S. S., and am now cured, and I know that S. S. S. effected the cure after every known remedy was tried and had failed.

ROBERT SMEDLEY.
Fort Gaines, Ga., May 1, 1885.

I had heard of the wonderful cures of Swift's Specific, and resolved to try it. I commenced taking it in April, 1884. My general health was much improved, yet the cancer which was in my breast continued to grow slowly but surely. The tumor grew and became quite heavy. I felt that I must either have it cut out or die. But I commenced discharging quantities of almost black, thick blood. It continued healing around the edges until February, when it was entirely healed up and well.

Cochesett, Plymouth Co., Mass. 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
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EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are thus induced, and we are ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pint tins. Beware of cheap imitations.

Prepared by J. Epps & Co., Ltd., London, England.

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J. Epps & Co., Ltd., London, England.

25c. a bottle. KILLS PAIN.

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Swelling, Stiff Neck, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Backache, Sciatica, Gout, Sprains, etc. Price 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine Salve is made by Dr. J. C. Bull & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough at once. Price only 25 Cts. a bottle.

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The Daily Sentinel.

THE SABBATH.

A Few Studies of a Practical Sort for Sunday.

WEALTHY SINNERS NOT DISTURBED.

A Wiltshire Hymn—Spurgeon on Speaking for Christ—Tangible Religion, Etc.

The Mistake of The Churches.

A large share of the churches do not attack the iniquities that are powerful among their membership.

If a man has made a great fortune by speculations, which impoverished thousands; or by monopolistic combinations, which oppress consumers and producers; or by political manipulations, which debase the virtue of our republican institutions; or any other of a dozen demoralizing and dangerous ways, the church to which he gives a small percentage of his wealth is very likely to look the other way as far as his questionable practice is concerned.

The people see this disposition to blink at the dangerous tendencies of the worship of wealth, and, to use the words of the clergyman quoted, "they are letting it go."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tangible Religion.

An unanswerable argument for the tangibility and reality of religion may be built on the evidence that religion is constantly presenting of its own existence.

It is something more than mechanical force, something more than ropes and trowels that has reared St. Peter's or St. Mark's. It was something more than a love of adventure that brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock.

Something more than a block of marble and a chisel were needed to fashion the classic forms of the Grecian Pantheon; and no amount of uninspired paint, or brushes guided by scientific principles, could ever achieve a Sistine Madonna.

Religion is perpetually incarnating itself in architecture, glowing upon canvases, inspiring sacred literatures, and scooping out fresh channels for human history. It is simply absurd for any shallow sciolist, in the name of science, to deny to religion a reality which is as mighty and mysterious as the force of gravitation.—Christian Register.

Speak for Christ.

Speak for your Lord and Master.

You tell me you are nervous. Never mind your nervousness. Try once. If you break down a half-dozen times, try again; you shall find your talents increase. It is wonderful how these break-downs do more good than one keeping on. Just deliver your soul of what is in it. Get your heart red-hot, and then, like some volcano that is heaving in its inner bowels, let the hot lava of your speech run streaming down. You need not care for the graces of oratory, nor for the refinement of eloquence, but speak what you do know; show them your Savior's wounds; bid his sorrow speak to them, and it shall be marvelous how your stammering tongue shall be all the better an instrument because it does stammer, for that God "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, hath God chosen, yea, things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Little Folks of Brazil.

Child life in every country differs, and there are many things in Brazil to interest us. The houses have to be built for comfort in the hot season—which lasts much longer than with us—and are large and roomy. Slavery still exists, and beside the members of the family, there are many slaves and their children. Generally the slave woman carries her child strapped on her back with a shawl or cloth, while she washes all day long, or picks coffee, or goes from door to door with a heavy wooden tray on her head, loaded with vegetables, fruits, etc., which she sells for her master, who gets the money. Meanwhile the baby sleeps or cries, gaining little or no attention. Sometimes the mother leaves it at home with women who cannot go out and sell or wash. Then it plays all day with other babies or with dogs, cats, goats, and pigs in the dirt and filth, sometimes having on a single garment and often none. At night it sleeps on coarse matting, with a rough blanket thrown over it. Sometimes the baby looks well dressed and fed, making it happy and content, but the general class of babies are not so. They are generally ill-cared for, sickly, dirty, and with a burden of woe in the beautiful dark eyes they lift so languidly to your face. The life of a Brazilian child is much happier and more occupied. While very small most of them have black nurses, who are with them day and night. After they get to be 8 years old they spend a part of each day in a public or private school; the boys attend a boys' school and the girls one especially devoted to girls. Here they learn a little geography, history, catechism, reading, writing, arithmetic, and to speak and read well in French, German and English, beside their own language, which is Portuguese. The

girls are taught music, croquet and fancy work, of which they are very fond. In the country they have private tutors or governesses.

All children like pets, I believe, so we find parrots and dogs in the homes, and always do we see flower-beds or pots with pinks, geraniums, pansies, violets, or some sweet-scented herbs growing in them. When they visit friends they carry to them a bouquet of flowers or some of the sweet-scented leaves, or a little dove, as they call it, which means candy. They enjoy being remembered in this happy fashion, and are most pleased when a card or book is added so it. When a holiday occurs (which is frequently, as there are so many national holidays and saint's days) there are no school exercises; all go visiting, or to some special church to say mass to the saints, such as Saint John, Paul, Peter, James, Antony, George, Anna, Isabel, Louisa—indeed, I cannot name all. While they pray the bells are rung, fire rockets are fired to attract and please the particular saints of that day. I am sure I do not see how they could enjoy such a "rocket," but they keep it up until away in the night.

Now you see why you should help to send teachers and preachers to these poor children, so that they may learn to pray to your Jesus only. They worship and pray to the images of the saints and the Virgin Mary which they have in their churches and homes, while Jesus says, "I and my Father are one," and God the Father has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not bow down to them or worship them." You can all help in this glorious work, then it can truly be said, Christ for Brazil, and Brazil for Christ.—Children's Work for Children.

Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., had thirteen scrofulous ulcers on his face and neck. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them.

The only Chinese paper published in New York has suspended publication.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread disease, consumption of the lungs, usually announced in advance by glandular swellings, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations of the internal blood poison which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

There are 109 disabled veterans in the Soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Christmas Dolls, the Finest Stock and the Lowest Prices in the city, at the Aveline House Book Store.

Those who suffer from loss of appetite, Nausea and headache, will find immediate relief and ultimate cure, by using the great tonic and invigorator, Nichols' Bark and Iron.

Closing out all felt hats at cost price, at Mrs. J. Baltes, No. 30 West Main street.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Lead & Co.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne will visit Canada in the spring.

25c. a bottle. KILLS PAIN.

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain." Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Swelling, Stiff Neck, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Backache, Sciatica, Gout, Sprains, etc. Price 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—The genuine Salve is made by Dr. J. C. Bull & Co., Sole Proprietors, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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MADE FROM PURE

USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS!

SEALSKIN SACQUES,
PLUSH CLOAKS,
or a nice

New-Market.

ROOT & COMPANY

For a nice Christmas Present you
could make no wiser selection, our stock
is complete and contains hundreds of

Choice Garments!

To select from, at

Reduced Prices.

Ladies' Seal Furs,
Gents' Seal Caps,
Boys' Seal Caps,
Ladies' Fine Furs.

Gentlemen's Smoking
—AND—
Morning Gowns,

in all the latest cuts,

Now Open in Our

Cloak Department.

For Christmas Novelties Call at

Root & Company's.

P. McCULLOUGH, M. D. H. McCULLOUGH, M. D.
T. P. & H. McCULLOUGH,
PHYSICIANS.
Office 180 Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mar 9-17

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON, Manager
F. E. STROUDER, Treasurer

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1885

The Madison Square Theatre success, Wm.
Gillette's Romantic Comedy.

THE PROFESSOR!

The young and popular comedian, Mr.

JAMES Q. BARROWS

As the Professor.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM

As Daisy Brown.

A Powerful cast of selected artists.
New Scenery! Novel Mechanical Effects.

Popular prices 25, 35 and 50 cents. Reserved
seats, 75cts.

The sale of seats will commence Thursday
at 11 a. m.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON, Manager
F. E. STROUDER, Treasurer

THURSDAY,
FRIDAY,
SATURDAY, Dec. 24, 25, 26.

The Peerless Melo-Drama, the

ROMANY RYE!

Lehnen & Bateman, Managers.

Powerful Cast!

Superb Scenery!

Beautiful Effects!

The Most Magnificent Production of the Age!
Admission, 75 and 50 cts. Reserved seats 75
and 50 cts. Matinee Prices 50 and 25 cts.
No extra charge for reserved seats.
Box office open Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 11 a. m.

PRINCESS SKATING RINK.

Corner of Main and Fulton streets.

Grand Exhibition Benefit.

TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 22, 1885.

Given by the

DARLINGTON BROTHERS.

For the Fort Wayne Rifles,
Shooting before and after exhibition.

COMMITTEE FORT WAYNE RIFLES.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

T. B. MACK, Sole Proprietor.

NEW STARS EVERY WEEK.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1885.

THE CITY.

A new clock hangs at police court
now.

Sumner K. Randall, of Avilla, is the
guest of his brother, P. A. Randall.

The "Professor" party play at Hunt-
ington Tuesday and at Wabash Wednes-
day.

Judge Chapin is at home from Noble
county, where he presided as judge this
week.

Andrews has only one lawyer and but
three saloons. It has five church or-
ganizations.

M. L. Graff will soon go to New York
City, where he is referee in a very im-
portant suit.

A number of old Singer sewing ma-
chines were smashed in the Aveline
House alley yesterday.

James Quinn, a former workman on
the Wabash gravel train, was killed on
the Vandalia road, at Logansport, yester-
day.

Fort Wayne turned out a bigger crowd
to the prize fight than it did to hear the
Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. This does not
speak volumes for Summit City taste and
intelligence.

Senator Voorhees will deliver his lec-
ture on "Jefferson" in ten cities in In-
diana shortly after the holidays in aid of
Hendricks' monument. He has already
been asked to make a date here.

The various counties of the state are
very slow about making their semi-an-
nual settlements with the state treasurer
this year, and not more than one-third
have settled up to date. They have until
January 1 to square up.

"Ex Congressman Walpole G. Coler-
ick made one of the choicest and most
touching talks before the Hendricks
memorial meeting, at Fort Wayne, we
have read. It is a most brilliant tribute,"
says the *Lagrange Democrat*.

The ladies sewing society at Fried-
ham, in Adams county, sent several
large boxes filled with Christmas pre-
sents for the children at the Lutheran
orphans at Fort Wayne and Springfield,
Ill., and to the Lutheran orphan asylum
at St. Louis, Mo.

The attorney general has decided that
the Kosciuszko count, clerk may lawfully
refund to Daniel J. Dick a fine of \$150,
which he paid as replevin bail for Mil-
ford Dick, with the understanding that
application to refund the money would
be made in case the fine was remitted.

Governor Gray has appointed John
Paul Jones to act as Indiana's agent at
Washington in collecting her claims
against the government. Mr. Jones is a
nephew of Senator Voorhees and residing
at Lafayette a few years ago, studying
law in the office of the late Hon. John A.
Stein.

The state board of health reports that
within the year there was a total of
forty-four cases of small pox in the state,
eleven of which were fatal, but in no
place did the disease assume an epidemic
form. The report states that more
deaths resulted between the ages of
twenty and thirty than at any other per-
iod in life.

Fred Daily, accompanied by "Fatty"
Dudbridge, Charles Smith, Tom O'Don-
nell, W. C. Dennis, James Forbes, Rus
Ellis, John Farrell, Al Mathewson, Marsh
Luyers, James Storms, Charles Kelly,
Frank Warrell and Wm. Kortlander, of
Grand Rapids, and James Fell and Chas.
Anderson, of Detroit, attended the spar-
ring match last night.

This evening James O. Barrows, sup-
ported by Miss Kitty Cheatham and a
cast of artists, will appear at the Temple
opera house in this city. Mr. Barrows
appears as *Professor Hinedale* in "The
Professor," William Gillette's romantic
comedy, in which Miss Cheatham appears
as *Daisy Brown*. "The Professor" is
one of the most charming and entertain-
ing plays on the stage and this company
is said to be clever.

The case of Shirks, Duke & Co., al-
leged owners of the Wabash and Erie
canal, against the Louisville, New Al-
bany and Chicago railroad was com-
menced in the superior court, of Tippe-
canoe county at Lafayette, Ind., yester-
day. This is a suit brought to recover
\$10,000 from the railroad for the use of
water in the canal in their shops, en-
gines, depots, etc., for the past ten
years—ever since these parties obtained
control of the canal.

Mr. R. T. Bryden, western passenger
agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad
company, has addressed the following
letter to the general agents of ocean
steamship companies: "I am author-
ized by Mr. R. M. Wood, general pas-
senger agent, to advise you of the follow-
ing arrangement for third-class business
from date: 'Advise steamship compa-
nies and agents, that from to-day and un-
til further notice will accept immigrant
orders limited to six months at rates
made \$7 higher than special tariff of
March 10, 1885. Advances must be for-
warded same as under special rates of
March 10, 1885. Commission 10 per
cent, not to exceed \$1.'"

Mr. J. B. Harper is entertaining Rev.
C. W. Church, of Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Edgerton, of
Piqua, Ohio, are visiting Mr. A. H. Bit-
tinger.

Lewrence Rowan sues Joseph Niebal
et al, for \$200. W. P. Breen filed the
complaint.

Dr. Howard McCallough and other
young men give a reception at Arion hall
next Tuesday evening.

William Geake, the stone work con-
tractor, is en route to Wilmington, Del.,
to visit his aged parents.

Tom Quin was yesterday promoted to
a passenger engine on the Pittsburg and
is correspondingly proud.

Max Nirdlinger will have a hearing
before the mayor next Tuesday on a
charge of obstructing Main street.

The funeral of the late Robert J. Van-
Buskirk will take place from the parents'
residence on Sunday afternoon at 2:20.

A two-year old son of Dr. VanBuskirk
died this morning of scarlet fever at the
home of his father on South Calhoun
street.

Benjamin Heath was tried by Mayor
Muhler this afternoon for selling liquor
without a city license. A state case is
pending against the man.

Mrs. Col. R. O'Sullivan Burke, of
Chicago, is in the city, the guest of her
mother. Colonel Burke will come here
for Christmas to visit for a day or two.

Quite a party of Irish-American ladies
last evening in a novel way celebrated
Mr. Parnell's victory for Irish independ-
ence. They want to stir the men to
some action.

Sheriff Nelson this morning closed the
harness store of Casper Neireiter, on
East Main street. This action was on a
judgment for \$330 in favor of John G.
Strodel. Other creditors will come in.

Peter Claude Hengenard et al. sue
Ursula Hengenard et al. to set aside a
will which was once filed before the tes-
tator was dead. W. G. & P. B. Coler-
ick and Coombs, Bell & Morris are at-
torneys.

Miss Maggie Campbell arrived in the
city from Argus, Ind., to-day, where she
is teaching school, and is the guest of
Mrs. Geo. R. Hench, on East Wayne
street. She will spend the holidays at
her home in Huntington.

Auditor Griebel will sell all property
mortgaged to the school fund and on
which delinquent interest is not paid
before January 1. The law requires
him to sell it the fourth Monday in
March and inflicts a penalty if he fails to
do it.

Miss Carrie Segiman, Minnie Marshal,
Joseph France and Jonathan Hou-
er were arrested last night for being entire-
ly too familiar. The quartet paid \$15
each. France lives at Pierceton and
agrees to send \$5 on here when he goes
home.

General Freight Agent Knight, of
the Wabash, says: "Commencing at
once and remaining in force until further
notice, this railway will refuse to re-
ceive return shipments of apple and
fruit butters, canned goods, jellies,
mince meat and preserves, unless all
charges are prepaid to destination."

Samuel A. Grable, formerly passenger
conductor on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne
and Chicago railway, has been appointed
general yardmaster of the Nickel Plate,
at Fort Wayne. Ex-Passenger Con-
ductor Brown, of the Pittsburg, Fort
Wayne and Chicago railway, has been
appointed night dispatcher on the Nickel
Plate.

Hugh Stewart was arrested last even-
ing on the charge of fraudulently con-
veying claims to non-residents for the
purpose of garnishment. The complain-
ant is Edwin Nelf, a Pittsburg brake-
man. The case was brought up before
Justice Hays, who continued it until the
28th inst. Mr. Stewart has retained Col.
R. S. Robertson and Coombs, Bell &
Morris and is determined to test the con-
stitutionality of the law.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Powars, of this
city, went to Fort Wayne last evening,
by request of their attorney, to consult
in some matters and claims against the
estate of the late Charles Lehman, de-
ceased, of which Mrs. Powars is admin-
istratrix. The captain says it seems to
him that after a person is dead any one
can put in a claim, just or unjust. Mrs.
Powars remains in Fort Wayne to-day,
the guest of Mrs. Ira Rupert. The cap-
tain returned home this morning," says
the *Toledo Bee*.

"Messrs. Brady & Garwood, proprie-
tors of the popular People's theatre,
have just closed a five year lease of the
Academy of Music, Fort Wayne, and
will formally open in January 25, with
the Harris Star Opera company. The
citizens of Fort Wayne are to be con-
gratulated on having secured such ex-
cellent gentlemen and managers for their
temple of amusement, and they no doubt
will take the town by storm, if the suc-
cess they have achieved here is any ori-
entation. The citizens of our sister city
can rest assured that these gentlemen
will allow nothing but the best shows
on the road to play in any theatre
they have anything to do with. It will
be no fault of Messrs Brady & Garwood
if the citizens of Fort Wayne are not
waked up in the theatrical line," says
the *Toledo Bee*.

Don't Put Off Buying.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX!

Where others leave off we begin. Where
the most venturesome fear to go,
WE TRUST OURSELVES!

The prices on all Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc., cut
down to low water mark, and the cut met with an additional discount of

1-4th Off From the Price.

Cost Not Considered.

Our aim is to sell out slick and clean and quit the business.

MERCHANTS!

Desirous of Procuring

Bargains to Sell Again and Make Profits!

Should avail themselves of securing values at ruinous prices.
You have the privilege.

A. S. LAUFERTY AND CO.,

No. 9 East Main street, Fort Wayne.

You Can't Afford to Wait.

Cheaper than Wheat at 50cts.

The Nickel Plate.

The amount of Nickel Plate first mort-
gage bonds deposited in the interest of
the Roosevelt foreclosure plan, is \$5,-
500,000, or \$2,000,000 less than the re-
quired sum. If the English holders
come in the scheme will be successfully
carried out, although there promises to
be protracted litigation over the effort to
place a large amount of other indebted-
ness ahead of the first mortgage. It is
believed that the Lackawanna is decid-
edly in earnest in its endeavor to secure
control of the road and establish a
through connection. The rumor of an
issue contemplated by the Lake Shore
of \$25,000,000 debenture bonds to pro-
vide for a reorganization of the Nickel
Plate and its denial were noticed in a
late issue of THE SENTINEL.

I find Athlophoros just what you
claim for it. It has real merit and is a
medicine whose merit I have proved.
I cheerfully recommend it to my custom-
ers for rheumatism and neuralgia. J.
D. Fowler, druggist, of Lansing, Ia.

Save the pennies, save the nickels,
save the dimes, by buying all your hol-
iday goods at the Aveline House book
store. 18tc

GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE.

French Plate Mirrors, Steel Engravings and
Fine Oil Paintings at No. 142
Calhoun Street.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Joseph
Mayer, who finds it necessary to discon-
tinue business, the undersigned will sell
the entire stock of goods, consisting of
fine French and American Plate Mirrors,
Steel Plate Engravings, Oil Paintings,
Gold Frames, and a large assortment of
miscellaneous articles generally found in
a first class picture store, all of which
will be sold, at 142 Calhoun street, at
public auction, regardless of cost, com-
mencing Monday, December 21, at 1:30
and 7 p. m., and continuing from day to
day until the entire stock is disposed of.
(17tc) BEN. B. EVANS.

L. P. STAPLEFORD, Auctioneer.
P. S.—Ladies are especially invited.

Christmas books at half cost at the
Aveline House book store. 18tc

OUR STORE

Will remain open until 9 p. m. every
evening from to-day until after Christ-
mas. 18tc

Christmas Toys. Come and see us if
you want to save money. Aveline House
Book Store. 18tc

Holiday Goods of all kinds at
less than Manufacturers Prices,
at the Aveline House Book
Store. 18tc

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

SANTA CLAUS' DEPOT

MOUNTAINS OF TOYS

—AT—

JAMES M. KANE AND BRO.'S.

Three entire floors filled with Christmas Goods. Presents for
everybody. Call early. Select first choice, and
Avoid the Rush.

Dolls, Toy Horses, Cats, Roosters, Monkey, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Har-
monicas, Rattles, Albums, Vases, Banks, Tool Chests, Games of all Kinds, A B C
Blocks, Work Stands, Scrap Books, Toy Pianos from 25c. up, Doll Chairs, Black-
board's, Desks, Drums, Doll Houses, Bisque Doll Heads, Dolls of all kinds from 1c
to \$2.00.

We are the only House in the City that show a Complete Line
of Toys. Call early and learn our low prices.

J. M. Kane & Bros.,

24 CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE, IND.

Dec. 9-10tc

On Exhibition And For Sale!

—AT—

15 and 17 Court Street,

A Large and Beautiful Stock of

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

—FOR—

Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

They must be seen to be appreciated. All the different styles
and qualities represented. FINE IMPORTED OVERCOAT-
INGS, made and trimmed equal to Custom work, and sold at the
WHOLESALE PRICE LIST.

PIXLEY & CO.,

15 and 17 Court Street.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE HOUSE

Is Alone at Work This Day.

Mr. Morrison Adds a Few More Committees--Bills Introduced by Mr. Browne.

National Banks Pray for An Injunction to Prevent the Collection of Taxes.

CONGRESS.

The House Hard at Work To-day.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The speaker of the house announced a committee on enrolled bills and Mr. Morrison's proposition to create new committees on shipping, civil service, liquor traffic and other matters passed.

Mr. Findley will call up the senate presidential succession bill Monday. Hammond introduced a bill to authorize the withdrawal from the ware house, without payment of tax, of alcohol and other spirits for use in the manufacture of drugs and chemicals.

Brown, of Indiana, introduced the following: "Referring to the present controversy between the United States and Venezuela in respect to the award of 1869; granting pensions to the soldiers of the Mexican war; increasing the pensions of the survivors of the war of 1812; granting arrears of pensions to persons pensioned by special act." Adjourned.

A DRUNKARD

Shoots Three Men With Fatal Results.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. WAYNESBURG, Pa., Dec. 19.—Three men were shot last night at Lippenoot, about four miles east of town by David Lindsey, a barber. Merchant Lippenoot, youngest son of U. R. Lippenoot, serious, but not fatally; William Woods, of Waynesburg, was shot through the neck and side, and John Rice, who lives near Jefferson, was shot in the stomach and groin. The two latter are said to be mortally hurt. Lindsey is a worthless character and has been drunk several days. It is said there was no provocation for the shooting.

BUCKEYE BANKS.

Kick Against Excessive Taxation.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. CLEVELAND, Dec. 19.—Thirteen national banks, located in Cleveland, Youngstown, Elyria and Mahoning, have filed in the United States circuit court their prayer for an injunction to enjoin the county treasurers of the counties in which they are located from collecting from them excessive taxes. These banks aver that the state board of equalization has fixed the valuation too high. Judge Woods allowed the injunction.

A BOY HURT.

His Legs Cut Off by a Nickel Plate Train.

Fred Schultz is the name of a tailor employed by Thieme Bros., on Columbus street. His five-year-old son was playing on the Nickel Plate track, near the gas works, to-day and an engine ran over him, cutting off both his legs. The lad may die from the shock.

A GILDED PALACE.

Fort Wayne Boasts of One with all the Splendor of Rome--A Peep at It.

Fort Wayne has a palace lined in oriental splendor and bedecked with brilliants, not for ornament, but substantial use as well. THE SENTINEL artist stepped into the creakery emporium of H. N. Ward to-day, and if possible that palatial place looked more inviting than ever. The articles of ornament first catch the eye, but the rich hanging lamps in endless variety, the chamber sets, vases, tea sets, backed by a general and cheap assortment of china ware meet the requirements of rich and poor alike. Mr. Ward is a sort of connoisseur and his pride is to welcome all people to his place. He asks attention to his 1847 Biber Bros. knives and spoons, trappé plated casters, cake baskets, napkin rings and silver plated cutlery. He has a complete assortment and people taking holiday purchases must realize that his specialty of the trade enables him to sell under all dealers. His store is guarded by the

AT SOUTH BEND

They Open a Y. M. C. A. Building.

SOUTH BEND, Dec. 18, 1885.

Editor of THE SENTINEL:

This is an enterprising city—three years ago there was a Young Men's Christian association organized here; last night they opened a fine four-story building, purchased and remodeled for the use of the association, with a fine reception to young men and to delegates from northern Indiana and southern Michigan to a four-day conference to be held in the building. The building is 42x80 feet with basement and three stories, with all modern improvements for use and amusement.

The building was filled with young men at the reception last night.

Appropriate exercises were held in the hall and these were followed with a bounteous collation by the ladies' auxiliary.

General Secretary Newman, of Detroit, gave a short address of the social and physical benefits of a Y. M. C. A., and was followed by two minute speeches from Secretary Esmond, of Elkhart, D. F. More and E. S. Philley, of Fort Wayne, Kingston, of Niles, Mich., Davis, of Chicago, and others. This evening a dedicatory service will be held in the building and discourses, addresses and religious services will fill up the time until Sunday evening. The state secretaries of Massachusetts, Illinois and Michigan and the general secretaries of Indianapolis and Chicago are expected to-day.

With South Bend leading off with a building costing \$15,000, Elkhart following with one for \$10,000 and Indianapolis now canvassing for \$40,000 to rebuild its decaying structure, Fort Wayne will have to look after her laurels and rouse to action, or she will be left in the lurch and that too, when the attendance upon her present Y. M. C. A. rooms exceeds the attendance on all three of these places combined. What man of means in our city will build his own perpetual monument before his departure by erecting for our active association a substantial home?

VICTOR.

White Bronze.

Referring to this material now so extensively used for monumental purposes the Scientific American says:

"The necessity for a more enduring material for monuments than stone has long been felt. It is well known that stone is unable to withstand climatic effects, as described in scientific articles by Prof. A. A. Julien, of Columbia college, New York, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus and other eminent scientists, and demonstrated by the crumbling condition of the obelisks of New York and Paris, and of all the oldest stone monuments and buildings in this country and Europe.

The enduring nature of the metal used—refined zinc—and its peculiar adaptation to the purpose have long since brought it into use in Europe, where the art has made good progress, taking the place, to some extent, of copper or antique bronze for monuments and statuary. The Prussian government has recently erected some large statuary of this material, notably the postal union statue at Hanover, illustrated on another page. Ure's "Dictionary of Arts," enlarged edition, also refers to the extensive use of the metal in Continental Europe, large foundries being located in Berlin, Cologne, Hanover, and other cities.

From the earliest use of the material there seems to have been but one opinion regarding its enduring qualities. Encyclopedias, standard works on metallurgy and chemistry, and scientists are unanimous in commending its lasting nature; and the facility with which it is moulded into the most artistic designs will ultimately make white bronze more popular for art work than the copper or antique bronze which has heretofore been used so extensively.

There is now an exhibition in the window of Messrs. Kohl & Bros. a magnificent statue of Faith made from this material. Everyone who admires fine art should see it. Parties interested should address Longacre & Co., Fort Wayne, who will cheerfully supply further information.

A Gentleman's Age.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "what do you do in everything?" N. L. No does Taylor's Cherokee Balm of Sweet Gum and Mullein extract over all other medicines for coughs, croup and consumption.

John G. Strodel got judgment for \$330 to-day against Casper Neudorfer. Judge Hench gave the decree on a copy-note.

HORROR!

One Thousand Miners are Killed.

A Dynamite Explosion in One of the Siberian Mines Does the Deadly Work.

Twenty-Nine Miners Imprisoned to Die in a Mine at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

ONE THOUSAND

Miners Killed in a Siberian Mine.

By Cable to The Sentinel. ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 19.—Dispatches state that a terrible dynamite explosion occurred in Pijuchin mine in Siberia. The accounts are conflicting as regards the number killed, some placing the number at 400, while others place it as high as 1,000.

Twenty-nine men imprisoned, to die in a coal mine.

By Telegram to The Sentinel.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 19.—The outlook at No. 1 slope this morning is frightful. Mine Inspector Williams says the men can be reached in forty-eight hours if they will be found alive. A total exhaustion of air will probably occur before then and the chances of rescue are very small. There are sixty-seven feet of quick sand that must be dug away. This is wedged in. An extreme authority says it will require five or six days to dig through it. This ends all hope of the twenty-nine men imprisoned, who it is believed died within twelve hours after the imprisonment. [This mine was closed by water from the Susquehanna river, mention of which was made in yesterday's dispatches.—Etc.]

Fire Record.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. WABASH, Ind., Dec. 19.—At an early hour yesterday morning the general merchandise establishment of Lynn & Morrison, at Beldon, this county, was entirely destroyed by a fire, which undoubtedly was the work of an incendiary. The loss on building and stock is about \$2,000, nearly all the goods having been consumed. There was an insurance of \$1,500 in the Phoenix, of Brooklyn.

Business Failures.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. DETROIT, Dec. 19.—H. H. Braw, lumberman, has failed. Liabilities, \$15,000. MONTREAL, Dec. 19.—R. Courtenay & Co., cigar manufacturers, have made an assignment, with liabilities over \$40,000.

LOCAL LINES.

Benjamin Nickerson and Lucy Bowers have been licensed to wed.

Dr. C. A. Leiter, of Monroeville, was in the city this morning.

The Hendricks monument meeting occurs at the court house Monday night. Wayne lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M., will hold their election of officers this evening.

Forty quick delivery letters passed through the Fort Wayne postoffice this week.

E. S. Underhill, the ex-mail carrier, was arrested to-day for selling oil without a license.

Wm. Schaller, the Cincinnati brewer, was in the city to-day, the guest of Mike Himbert.

Mr. Samuel L. Morris, the attorney, was at the Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

Charles Chase, who refereed the slugging match last night, returned to Toledo this afternoon.

Congressman Lowry voted in favor of the proposition to revise the rules of the house yesterday.

Mr. James Ryan, the truckman, is able to sit up and THE SENTINEL hopes for his speedy recovery.

It cost Mrs. Mike Dennis some \$50 to sell liquor on Sunday, and Ben Heath \$22 to sell without a license.

Matilda Ormes Thomas J. Estil et al. at quiet title to real estate. A. A. Furman is attorney for the plaintiff.

Dr. C. A. Leiter filed a new bond in the surety of the peace case against him, to-day, with Ben Underhill as surety.

The mother of Perry Randall attained her sixty-first year yesterday which was quite pleasantly celebrated by the mem-

bers of the family and friends of the lady.

Carl Thompson, foreman of the Nickel Plate round house, slipped last night and fractured his right arm. Dr. C. B. Stemen put the limb in splints.

The Westminster seminary closed for the holiday vacation last evening and made the occasion pleasant and enjoyable by a nice entertainment. This school is growing more popular every day.

Mrs. Louisa Neatert died at her residence in South Wayne on Friday morning. The funeral will take place on Monday morning at 11 o'clock and proceed to Michaels church where services will be held.

George Shelnor, of Hantertown, libeled J. R. Bittinger, relative to the dismissal of a suit against Christ Wamley. Mr. Bittinger had Shelnor arrested for libel, not to get money, but tie the tongue of slander.

The ladies of the First Presbyterian church will give a social at the church parlors on Tuesday evening next. An elegant supper will be served from 7 till 10 o'clock at twenty-five cents a plate. All are cordially invited.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL, are as follows: Slightly colder and generally fair weather, preceded by light local snows, winds generally from north-west to southwest, higher barometer.

Oscar Vanderbilt, traveling passenger agent of the Northern Pacific road, compromised a paternity suit at Indianapolis by the payment of \$400. The young lady, whose name is Myers, is an employee of a city laundry. Mr. Vanderbilt often comes to Fort Wayne.

Captain Diehl and a posse of police raided the gaming room on West Wayne street last night and arrested Henry Jones, Charley Beebe, Dennis McFeely, John Jacobs and James Johnson. The sporting men put up money and paid \$18.30 each at police court this morning.

On Monday evening, Dec. 28, Miss Julia Caruthers, of Ann Arbor, will give a piano recital, the second of the series of subscription concerts, under the management of Miss Minnie Anderson. In larger cities musical conversations have become a very popular feature of such entertainments, assisting greatly in the comprehension and enjoyment of classical music. Mr. C. B. Cady, of the University of Michigan, has kindly consented to conduct this part of the program. The local numbers will be given by Miss Clara Kenower, who is already too well known to our citizens to need further mention.

WONDERFUL.

A Reporter Takes in the Sights of a Mammoth Establishment.

A reporter of THE SENTINEL in running down a fresh item on West Main street, noticed a large crowd in front of the building occupied by the Peters Box and Lumber company as a furniture store. Thinking something was wrong the scribbler rushed through the crowd and asked a fine-looking young man, who seemed to be more excited than any one else, what this vast gathering meant.

"Don't you see," said the good-looking young man, as he pointed his finger towards the large window, "don't you see those goods—furniture that has never before been shown in a city the size of Fort Wayne? Why even the people of Grand Rapids would be astonished at the handsome style of these goods."

The scribbler took a look and grasping the good-looking young man by the hand, said: "My friend, such things as these fill my heart with gladness and joy. Fort Wayne will yet amount to something. Our merchants are beginning to lay aside their old fogy notions. We are on the way to prosperity. In fact, Fort Wayne is going to the front. A furniture store like this will give our city such a boom that it will be heard all over the state."

Not satisfied with the wonderful sights from the outside, our reporter entered the store and such a variety of bed-room suites, dining room furniture, easy chairs and rocking chairs, lounges, bookcases, sideboards, writing desks, stands, tables and in fact almost everything that can be made from wood, was found packed into the three stories of the building. We only ask you to go and see what we have seen. It will do you good. If you want to give a fine Christmas present and know not what to get, go to this store and you will find it and not have to look long either. Mr. Charles Faye will be there himself to greet you. He is at present giving this store his personal attention and takes pride in showing his friends the wonderful things he has in store. Prices very low.

FOR REVENGE.

Singer Machine Works Closed.

Thirty-Five Hundred Men are Forced Out of Work by a Tax Levy.

The Illicit Love of a Grand Rapids Lumber Man Gets Him Into Trouble.

FROZE OUT.

The Singer Sewing Machine Factory Closed.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The closing of the Singer Sewing Machine works at Elizabethport yesterday throws 3,500 men out of employment. The pay roll was \$40,000 per week. The trouble had been brewing for many months and was precipitated yesterday, when a levy of \$20,000, claimed due on the last assessment for taxes, was made. The controller selected for his levy two locomotives used in the company's yards, stating that he did not wish to cause any unnecessary inconvenience. The information of a levy was wired to the New York office of the company, where it was received at noon and the order to close the works sent out. The company then ordered the works closed, claiming that Elizabethport would thus lose a much larger sum.

ILICIT LOVE

Involves a Michigan Lumber Man.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 19.—Samuel D. Clay, a prominent lawyer of this city, has brought suit against Enos Putnam, a wealthy lumber merchant, for \$50,000 damages for alienating the affections of his wife.

A Strike at Chicago.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Another strike commenced on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad here this morning, the local switchmen and firemen going out. Trains are stopped.

Dr. Waugh's Slayer Gets Two Year.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Jasper E. Sweet, who shot and killed Dr. Waugh, a practicing physician of this city, three months ago, on the alleged ground that the latter had seduced the wife of the accused, was found guilty and given two years in the penitentiary.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegram to The Sentinel. NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The stock market opened this morning quite steady, the changes being about equally divided the advances and declines. The market has been moderately active and at 11 o'clock is firm at small fractions below opening figures.

Money easy at 2 3/4 per cent. NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Wheat opened depressed and 1/2c higher, but fairly active. No. 2 red, cash or December, 91 1/2c. Corn, 45 1/2c lower and active. Mixed Western, 40 1/2c.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Wheat, 83 1/2c cash, 86 1/2c cash and year. Oats, 28 1/2c cash, 60c barley, 65c. Flaxseed, \$1 14 1/2. Whisky, \$1 15. Pork, cash, \$9 10 cash and December: \$9 75 January. Lard, \$5 95 cash.

"A merry heart goes all the day," but who can merry be, when racked and tormented with a hateful cough? Be wise, and try Dr. Bull's cough syrup. It relieves at once promptly. All druggists have it.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I have sold the entire stock of pictures, etc., to Ben B. Evans, and that J. M. Mayer has nothing to do with the auction sale now in progress. H. C. BRONKOFF.

Do not fail to see the grand display of Silk Banners in West & Co's window. They are to be presented by the ladies of the city to Anthony Wayne Post, Wednesday evening, Dec. 23! to be followed by a grand Camp Fire and Social Hop, including Refreshments. Admission 25 cents, tickets to be had at C. R. Woodworth & Co., O. B. Fitch & Co. and W. A. Foote's. 18-2t

I am bound to close out my store stock, so if you have not bought, now is your time. O. W. Seavey, 1700d

THREE SUITORS;

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE
ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A young man was drawing near to a pleasant, rather old-fashioned country house, in the long, golden light of a summer afternoon.

There is an air of supreme comfort over-spreading the whole scene.

The land is tired, and warm, and dusty, yet he smiles as his glance roves over the placid view before him.

How well he knows every gable of the building, every bough of the trees, every turn of the paths!

There is certainly no place like home, the young man thinks, especially so when it holds the girl you love best in all the world, and when the brightest of memories cluster round it.

It is only a few minutes since the house holds for Frederick, Osborn, a relation who is not very frequently laid in high esteem by the youthful mind.

But kind and gentle to all who come under his authority or influence, Mr. Melfort was not likely to fall in kindness to the son of his wife, particularly when Frederick was a person extremely likeable in himself.

The boy had been only twelve or thirteen at the marriage of his mother with Mr. Melfort, himself a widower with one child, a girl three or four years younger than his wife's son, and he had readily, therefore, taken root in the home thus made for him, had looked forward with keen delight to spending his vacations there, and had been from that day to the present the willing slave of pretty, imperious, spoiled Constance.

Now he has left college, the world is all before him where to choose, and he has come home with the definite determination to win from the companion and tormentor of his youthful days a promise to be his when he shall have conquered fortune—a trifling preliminary which at twenty-one seems scarcely worth considering.

Up the avenue, under the branching elms, he walks, and ascending a flight of steps, stands on the gravel walk which goes round the house.

All is stillness, save a sound more expressive than even stillness—a long-drawn sigh.

Frederick walks to an angle of the building and looks on the picture he had expected to see—the slumbering figure of Mr. Melfort, the newspapers all lying around the seat where he has fallen asleep.

The young man does not disturb him, but entering the house by a conveniently open window, stands in the familiar sitting-room, filled with signs of house-

hold work—his mother's work-bag, the children's toys, and a very striking bundle of a velvet robe which had once identified as the property of Constance.

"I don't believe it has advanced any since Christmas," he thinks.

And then, when he is fully debating whether he shall attempt to rouse anyone in the house, there is a rattle of a door in the hall, and there enters a lady, who utters a cry of surprise and delight at seeing him.

"Fred, my dearest boy! why, where did you come from? You came home!"

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"It is very kind of you to put me first," replies his mother with a smile.

"But I am afraid you think too much of Constance."

"Why too much?" asks Fred, shortly.

"A man can't think too much of the girl he loves to make his wife, can he?"

Mrs. Melfort shakes her head very gravely.

"That is just what I mean," she says.

"You are too young to be thinking of a wife at all, and very unwise to think of Constance, for I see you she looks on you as a man-boy."

"Indeed!" answers the lad, rather sharply, and with a quick start of annoyance.

"Why does she consider a man, then?" asks Mr. Melfort.

"Mr. Melfort is not old—except in the opinion of his friends. He is a man in the prime of life, and Constance likes him very well, I think."

"Oh, Constance likes everybody," answers the young fellow; "but the question is, does she show any signs of loving him?"

"How can I tell?" answers his mother.

"A girl like Constance is not easy to read. Her heart is more full of amusing herself than anything else now."

"A very good proof," remarks Fred, good humoredly, "that it is not full of Mr. Melfort. Now, mother, being warm and dusty, and the least bit in the world tired, I think I ought to go and make my bed."

"I ought to have thought of that before," says Mrs. Melfort, with some compunction. "You will find your room quite ready for you."

With eyes full of pride and fondness, she watches the tall, handsome young fellow as he goes out.

"I wish he did not think so much of Constance," she repeats to herself, as he disappears, and she listens to his bounding steps as he goes up-stairs. "But then, if his heart is really set in her, there is no use trying to make him wiser."

He rises and moves across the floor— a slender, graceful woman, with traces of past beauty on her face, and approaches the slumbering occupant of the seat.

That the sleep of the latter is less profound than it was is evidenced by the fact that he has ceased to make sounds with his nasal organ, and as Mrs. Melfort draws near he opens his eyes.

"Confoundably hot!" he says. "And the flies—striking viciously at them with a newspaper—'foremost one so that it is hardly possible to keep it. Why are you wakening about, Lydia, at this time of the afternoon? Why don't you lie down and take a siesta like other people?"

"Fred has come," she answers, in a tone which indicates that this would explain the most erratic conduct.

"Something kept me from sleeping, so I dressed and came to the sitting-room, and there I found the dear boy."

"Indeed! What brought him earlier than he expected?"

"His uncle left Thistlewood earlier than he expected, so Fred came on without delay. He was so eager for the pleasure of being at home."

The pleasure is not all on his side," says Mr. Melfort. "I am glad the boy has come. When shall he?"

"Gone to make himself a little presentable, for he is traveling all night. He walked out from Climbrough."

"You see, dear," says her husband, "you ought to have let me send. Well, this is wonderfully warm and drowsy weather, so I think I shall drop off to sleep again, and when it grows cooler I shall get up and make myself presentable."

This resolution he promptly proceeds to execute; and Mrs. Melfort, thus left without anyone to whom she can talk about Fred, has no resource but to retire to a study corner and think of him, having many plans and building not a few air-castles for his future.

While she is thus sitting, her work-bag by her side, her needle travelling backwards and forwards over a hole in one of the children's stockings, she chances to look up, and sees a mignon figure, clad in white and crowned by a large hat, come across the lawn.

Her first impulse is one of slight annoyance, her next to check herself, and smile pleasantly as the new-comer—a delicate, demure maiden, whose child-like appearance is somehow compatible with the fact that she is not a child—ascends the steps and comes towards her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Melfort," she says, in a voice as delicate and demure as her appearance.

"Good evening, Grace, my dear," replies Mrs. Melfort. Then, as the girl bends and kisses her, she says, "Did you not find it very warm walking over?"

"Not very," was the girl's reply. "I came up in the wagon, and there it is so shady. Is Constance not down yet?"

"I suppose she has. Constance's sleep is generally of long duration. You can come and wake her if you like, and tell her that Fred is here."

"Fred! has he come?" says the girl, with a start, her eyes opening, and her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, quite unexpectedly an hour or two ago. You can imagine what a delightful surprise it was to me."

"I am rejoiced," says Grace in a half-dreaming voice, "and what a delightful surprise it will be for Constance! I must go and tell her."

She flies lightly away, enters the broad doorway, and passes up the broad staircase, at the head of which she comes face to face with Fred himself, who, freshly attired, has passed from his room, and is about to descend.

"Well, Mrs. Grace, is it you?" he asks, looking putting on his hand.

"How can I fail to see you again?"

"And how can I fail to see you back?" says the girl, glancing up from under her hat.

"Mrs. Melfort was just telling me of your arrival, and I am going to carry the news to Constance."

"Tell her to come down quickly," answers Fred. "I want to see you both so much. I want to tell you that you have been doing since our Indian last Christmas."

"We have been vegetating chiefly," says Grace with a little shrug. "It will not take long to tell what we have been doing, but you ought to have a great deal to tell."

"Not particularly much," is the reply. "I have been studying hard, and I have been reading some pretty well."

"We no do that," says the young lady, "and we are glad."

"Oh, it was nothing to be proud of!" says the young man. "I only aimed at the safe medium of respectability; looking not much in my line. But I must not keep you standing here; only by a means come down as soon as possible."

"With Constance," says Grace, smiling a quiet, invariable little smile. "I understand, and will bring her as soon as ever I can."

She gave him no time for a reply, but tripping lightly, turned down a passage, and knocked at a door. A sleepy voice says, "Come in." She opens it, and enters.

In the half-light made by closed blinds only the dim outlines are apparent; but on the white-draped bed a reclining figure turns drowsily and says, "Who is it?"

CHAPTER II.

"It is I," answered Grace, coming to the side of the bed. "You lay creature, wake up. How can you sleep so long?"

"Oh, there is no difficulty about it," said Constance, opening her eyes. "If I did not sleep a great deal, I should not have so much strength when I was awake. What are you doing here at this ungodly hour?"

"I don't call six an ungodly hour to be anywhere. I came to see you, and it is charming to be hospitably received. But come yourself, I have some news for you."

"As if I care for any news!" was the reply. "Please go away, and let me alone."

"Shall I tell Fred that?" said Grace. "It is not very complimentary, since he has just come home, and is dying to see you."

"Has Fred come?" asked Constance, but not with much animation; and she shut her eyes, having opened them for a moment, though with not much animation.

"He has, and he begged me to bring you down as soon as I possibly could."

"Dear old Fred!" said Constance. "I am glad he has come; but I could have seen him an hour before, you know, as well as now. Has he improved, Grace?"

"He looks a little older, perhaps. I always thought him handsome."

"Handsome!" said Mrs. Melfort. "Handsome!—yes; but without style, and so homely-looking. But one cannot have everything united in the same person, and it is certainly delightful to think of having him back again—I begin to realize that as I grow older."

"To have anybody as much at one's beck and call as he is at yours, I should think would be delightful," said Grace.

"Not anybody," said Constance, shaking her head decidedly. "Some people bore one very much, even by being at one's beck and call."

She rises and she speaks, throwing back with one hand a cloud of loose, dark, half-curling hair, out of which her face looks like a flower.

How can one describe such a face? It is one of those charming brunette countenances, which are perhaps more full of feeling than of thought, united with an exquisite finish of detail, such as belongs only to the finest type of beauty.

"If Fred is boyish and without style, he is evidently worth making an impression on," thinks Grace; but she does not utter this reflection, being generally one of the people who observe much and say little.

She has had a somewhat hard life, poor little Grace! and has had to learn the wisdom of reticence.

For all her childlike aspect, it is a very unchildlike knowledge of life which looks out of her expressive eyes; and a perception of this sometimes makes Mrs. Melfort entertain a vague mistrust of her—a feeling for which she takes herself to task, and for which she endeavors to atone by marked cordiality of manner.

"Grace sees too much and says too little," she occasionally remarks; "but then one must excuse a great deal in a girl who had such a father." For Grace's paternal parent is mentioned as seldom as possible to ears polite.

He is a graceless adventurer, of good family, but scant principle, who persuaded a foolish heiress to marry him against the advice of all her friends.

The latter, finding they could not prevent the marriage, did her best to bring her fortune on herself; and although it chances that the Belmonts

are always in pecuniary difficulties, they have been hitherto saved from absolute ruin.

"Ready as that!" said Grace, as Constance finally turned from the mirror. "I shall take off my hat before you go down."

She steps to the looking-glass and lifts her hair from a small head, covered with pale brown hair.

She looks at the reflection of herself with a little mocking air of self-contempt.

"One certainly has no temptation to vanity after you, Constance," she said. "I wonder if you are a lucky girl to be so pretty? I wonder if you will make anything of it?"

"What odd ideas seem to strike you, Grace?" replied her friend. "I don't want to make anything. It is quite enough to be young and happy."

"But you can't always be young, and it is not likely you will always be happy," said Grace. "The question is, what prize in life are you going to win with such a high card as your face?"

"My face is my fortune," said the girl, gaily, curtsying, "and so it will be in the end, no doubt. But don't stop to mortify any more. Let us go down."

She opens the door and walks out, singing, as she descends stairs, the old song (Grace's words had suggested)

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid? What is your fortune, my pretty maid? My face is my fortune, my face is my fortune."

She gives the "Ha, ha!" laugh at the end of the lines with bravura effect,

and Fred, hearing the well-known voice, rushes eagerly into the hall and meets her at the foot of the staircase.

"Fred, dear Fred, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, while he can say nothing, being struck dumb by the brightness of her beauty, and by his delight at seeing her.

"It is so nice of you to come when we were not expecting you!" she went on. "There is so much pleasure in surprise!"

"There is so much pleasure in being at home even twenty-four hours earlier than one had expected!" he returned.

"Oh, Constance, how pretty you are!"

"Fred, I am grieved to see that you have not at all improved in your face! You pay just as broad compliments as ever! Shall I return your kindness by saying that you have greatly improved? Is that a monstache you are cultivating?"

"I wonder you need ask," said he. "I consider it a very promising one. I assure you. A good-looking barber assured me the other day that it will be very heavy in six months."

"Why not six weeks? I detect to wait for anything—even for a monstache—to grow!"

"Grace's beardstick is the only thing that would have satisfied in the way of growth," said Grace, coming down the staircase as the first edition of the morning edition, where Mr. and Mrs. Melfort and the children are assembled. Nothing could be more lovely and peaceful than the scene at this hour, for the sun has nearly touched the horizon.

The spreading fields and shadowy woods are full of summer richness and beauty, and the light breeze which is playing among the trees brings fragrant odors on its wings.

"I am glad you are not too much spoiled by the grandeur of Thistlewood, Fred," to accompany our quiet charms, said Mr. Melfort, as, in slippers, he reclined in a large wicker chair. "I have heard that it is a very fine place."

"Very fine, indeed," said Fred, "and about as lively as a penitentiary. Uncle Alton amuses himself taking medicines, you know. But when I'm there there's nothing on earth for me to do, and I am sometimes almost driven to thoughts of suicide."

"Why don't you brace yourself up with thoughts of the changes you will make when it falls to you?" said Constance. "I can tell you we all count wonderfully on the good time that's coming when you are the master of Thistlewood; don't we, mums?"

"Yes," replied the children, in chorus; while Charlie, the eldest boy, declared, "I think I'll live with you, Fred!"

"Much obliged," said the young man; "but, frankly, I don't count on Thistlewood at all. Apart from the uncertainty of reckoning on dead men's shoes, my uncle's prospects for long life are as good, or better than mine. Hypochondria always live long."

"But they must die sometime, you know," said Constance. "Don't you ever give up the hope of reigning at Thistlewood?"

"You are quite right," said Mr. Melfort, on the other hand. "So, put Thistlewood, and any thought of possessing it, as much as possible out of your mind. Nothing is so ruinous to a young man's prospects of usefulness as to have a possible inheritance dawning just before him. Why should I toil, and deny myself pleasure, and lead a laborious life? He thinks, 'I shall be rich some day! And so when that day comes—if it comes at all—he has frittered away his life in waiting for it! You must do better than that, my boy! Your uncle, as you have said, may live thirty years longer, and I am sure you would not grudge him one day of it—while there is no telling what caprice may influence his disposition of property at the last. Do not, therefore, suffer yourself to build any expectations on that. Act as if Thistlewood did not exist, and make yourself independent of any man's last will and testament!"

"Thank you, sir; I will," answered Fred, with rising color and kindling glance. "What you say endorses my resolution. My uncle wants me to live at Thistlewood, and attend to his business—look after the estate, that is, and so on, which means virtually having no independent existence at all, and I have told him that I cannot do it, and that I must adopt a profession, and make a place in life for myself."

There is a moment's pause. No one thinks of Grace, and her quick eyes travel round the group and take in the different expressions of the countenances; the unqualified approval on Mr. Melfort's startled surprise on that of Constance, the steady light on Fred's.

"Even you are right," said Mr. Melfort. "Wealth can be bought too dearly, if independence is paid for it."

"But it seems to me that his uncle's father's only brother, has a right to provide for Frederick, almost as if he were his father," said Mrs. Melfort. "I fear, my boy, you have been rash."

"My opinion is not worth much of course," said Constance; "but I think you have been brave and wise. Fred, Nancy spending your youth, belongs to Mr. Osborn."

"Early spending it in any way, subject to another man's control and whim," exclaimed Fred. "I would not exchange such bondage for a dozen Thistlewoods. Don't look so grave, mother. If I am not able to rise on my own merits, I shall better sink and be done with it."

"That is a very nice idea," said Mrs. Melfort. "I hope I am not mistaken, but certainly, and she looks approvingly at her husband. "Thistlewood should be yours, and if you refuse to be your uncle's companion, he may find another, and so be influenced to leave the property which is in no way fettered by entail, away from you."

"So be it," said the young man, cheerfully. "I can bear that prospect a great deal better than the prospect of spending the best part of my life waiting for a man to die. It would simply come to this—I should murder him at last!"

"Oh, Fred!"

"Sorry to shock you, mother, but truth is truth, and must prevail. There is the dinner-bell, and if ever a hungry mortal was glad of the sound, I am."

"I should think so, indeed," said Constance; "after traveling all the morning, and waking over from Climbrough. You shall have your old seat, and plenty of punch and cream. Are you still as fond of that dessert?"

"They go in for it to the very going dinner, a very happy, merry group, notwithstanding the doubts as to the certainty of young Osborn ultimately inheriting Thistlewood."

There was generally fun of some kind about in this household, but the arrival of their brother had sent the mercury of the children's spirits up to fever heat; and Constance is quite ready to aid and abet them.

Grace never altogether loses her demure quietness, but yet to a certain extent she joins in the general mirth.

When dinner and tea, which follows soon, were over, Fred goes out to smoke a cigar, and having lit it, volunteers at the drawing-room window the information that it is a lovely, cool evening.

"Yes; it is far too lovely to stay indoors," said Constance. "Come, Grace, let us go out."

"You and Fred can take me home, if you like, as the penultimate conclusion of our walk. That will be pleasant."

"The walk will be pleasant," answered Constance, "any time between this and mid-night. There is no need that you should be in haste."

"No need," replied the girl, "as far as you and Fred are concerned; but if I were long, somebody is sure to be sent for me, and that is useless."

Since Constance knows from experience in the past that the wretchedly sent will be a rude and disagreeable brother, she does not press delay, but only says, "We can change all that now that Fred has come. Tell them hereafter you need never be sent for, as we can always send Fred home with you."

Grace only smiles, and gets her hat, kisses Mrs. Melfort, says good night to Mr. Melfort, and announces herself

TRUE HEROISM.

That Which Endures Earth's Hardness.

And Nerves the Christian Soldier in Battle for the Right.

A Crown for Those Who Suffer the Hardships of Life.

In Defense of Weak Humanity and for the Father's Sake.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 13.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., the celebrated Brooklyn preacher, arrived here yesterday morning. The Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church was crowded this morning, when he delivered an eloquent sermon. The hymn sung was:

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "A New Scroll of Martyrs," and the text, II. Timothy, 2, 3: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness."

Dr. Talmage said: "Heroes are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink; but withered ink of human blood. The goals of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the blessed skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unfold before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced to give, knew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand before those whose names started nations, and seraphs and rapt spirits and archangels will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every day life."

HEROES OF THE SICK ROOM.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth Thine hand now and touch his house and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out, what we have found out, that sickness is the great test of one's character. A man who can stand that, that sickness—to be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastille; to be so nervous you can not endure the tap of a child's foot, to have lurid fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it appears on the plate; to have the raptures of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor; or to put the foot into a vice, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, more women than men who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatism and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily diseases that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and from day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good night" was weaker than the "good night" before; yet never said, "The child looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield, and shot and shell, were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery could cure. No shout of courage to cheer them, but unshaken and calm and homelike; yet willing to suffer, confident in God and hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of lifelong invalidism—heroes and heroines they shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

HEROES OF TOIL.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is very easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by the large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do a thing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment brown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a yawning employer looking across the scaffolding to work until your eyes are dim, and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve! Ah, the word has not slain so many as the needle. The great battle-field of our late war were not Gettysburg, and Shiloh, and South Mountain. The great battle-field of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops, and in the attics, where women made army jackets for six pence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but in the name of my God this morning I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle, heroes of the sewing machine, heroes of the attic, heroes of the cellar, in town and heroines, these I find in this roll.

HEROES OF PATIENCE.

In this roll I also find the heroes who

have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustice. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their own homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unforgiving wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he goes out of it, the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling despondencies, but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who under the northeast storm of domestic infidelity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country to-day made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose.

But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife who is a perpetual martyr. Something heavier than the stroke of the fist, unkind words—staggering home at midnight and constant mistreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when, in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Luther and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is fifty years' martyrdom, fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the dead drunk husband into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal; bending over the bruised and battered form of him who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kind words, and protection, yet nothing but sympathy, and prayers, and forgiveness, before they were asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum, and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrow, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" And rallying her trembling voice, and quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered.

O ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on the pale brow! When she is dead the neighbors will be lured to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trials and anguish. The gamblers, the swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who provided over the obsequies; but there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in; ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endure all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth who gave tens and hundreds and thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who out of their pined poverty help others—of such men as these Christian missionaries at the west who are living on \$250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people. One of them, writing to the secretary in New York, says: "I thank you for that \$25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no school this winter." I am speaking of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungry; and of those who have only a scintilla of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to a needy child; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or reprobates, or immigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. And I may not know where they live or what their name is; God knows, and they have more grace in having over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven.

They may have had only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, and may only have picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and the faded dress will become a white robe, and the shabby coat will be an eternal mansion and the old hat will become a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in His kingdom, and to say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servants!" You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose Abbey. I suppose you respect it as the most exquisite ruin on earth, and yet looking at it I was not so impressed; you may set it down to bad taste, but I was not so deeply stirred, as I was at the tombstone at the foot of that Abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served for a good many years in his house. The inscription most significant, and I defy any man to contradict and read it without tears coming into his eyes: the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" O, when our work is over, what we found that, because of any thing we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, such an inscription is appropriate for us! God grant it.

A SILENT HEROINE.

Who are those who were bravest and

deserved the greatest monument—Lord

Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was accosted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house, "John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: 'Well, now, is Mr. Atkins here?' She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. 'Ha!' Claverhouse said, 'then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thimble, but I call it a nosegay.' And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He said: 'Don't cry! don't cry! This is not a thimble; this is a nosegay.' And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came on, and Claverhouse said: 'Ha! it seems that you three have laid your little heads together, determined to die, like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, swiveling crew. Hail! then give up good Mr. Atkins, points Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision,' and he pulled out a pistol. 'Now,' he said, 'you old rascal, let you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply, and in the neatest and most expeditious manner, to blow your brains out.' John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. 'Ah,' said Claverhouse, 'look out! If you are going to pray, steer clear of the king, the court and Richard Cameron.' 'O Lord,' said John Brown, 'since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace and good will, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven; and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it is too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this little place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow-creature, may they in the Last Judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, Thy most unworthy but faithful servant, A. C.' He rose up and said: 'Isabel, the hour is come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now for the love of God to let me die?' She put her arms around him, and said: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' 'Stop that sniveling,' said Claverhouse; 'I have had enough of it. Soldiers do your work. Take aim! Fire!' and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head, gathering them up for burial, Claverhouse looked into her face and said: 'Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me. I had no reason for thinking any thing but well of him, and I think better of him now.'

O, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines! Who are those paupers of eternity trading off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods, and those who had scepters and crowns and thrones; but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity! I beat the drums of their eternal despair! Woe! woe! woe!

CORONATION DAY.

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on earth; world renowned people? No, they taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those sons waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they were little children who waited on my old mothers. That is all! That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth; she is an empress now. Who are those great multitudes on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the broken-hearted. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the suppliant. God watched them, God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heads hard on those. His dear child, and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the scabbard as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty, with unsheathed sword, fights for you?

I preach this sermon this morning in comfort, for home to the place where God has put you to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero of the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you don't know where your children are to get bread, hither and you will have something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that God sends. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the Disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain-field and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat it, do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man? 'I have been young and now an old, yet have not I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' Get up out of your unemployment, O, troublous soul! O, seeking woman! O, when kicked and led by unjust employers? O, ye who have had hard in the battle of life, and I know that way to turn! O, you hearties! O, you sick one with complaints you have told to no one! Come and get the comfort of this subject. Ten

ten to our Great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God!"

From the force of habit, no auctioneer one day put his hand under the hammer. It was soon headed by rubbing with St. Jacob's Oil.

Lucius Scott, of Lewisworth, is the richest man in Kansas. He is worth over \$2,000,000.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Trochiscs simply soothe and give prompt relief. 25 cents a box.

Dressed muslin is regularly kept on sale at C. I. Hood & Co., Boston, Mass.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

And later, the Scott's Emulsion.

Very Palatable and Effective in Treating

Dr. C. T. Bromer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "After having used Scott's Emulsion with the best results upon myself, I have taken great pleasure in recommending it to the various conditions of wasting in which it is indicated."

The cost of the police in England and Wales during the past year was about \$18,000,000.

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting fluids. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief from the first application. Price 50c.

From Col. C. H. Mackey, 324 Iowa

city, Iowa: "I have now been using Ely's Cream Balm for three months, and am experiencing no trouble from catarrh whatever. I have been a sufferer for twenty years."—C. H. Mackey, Signatory, Iowa.

Public Meeting.

A meeting of the church and congregation of the First Presbyterian church, will be held Monday evening, the 22nd inst., at seven and a half o'clock, in the lecture room, for the purpose of authorizing the trustees of said church, to issue \$25,000 bonds secured by a mortgage on said church property, and for such other business as shall legally be transacted. By order of the board.

FRED. J. HAYDEN, Secretary.

Dec. 18-21.

It will pay you to go to Seavey's, at Prescott's old stand, if you want fine table wear. 17c all w.

Christmas and New Year Holiday

Excursion.

The Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville R. R. will sell cheap excursion tickets from and to all stations on Dec. 24, 25 and 31, 1885 and Jan. 1, 1886. Tickets good going on all regular trains of above dates and good for return until and including January 2, 1886. All persons should avail themselves of this opportunity to visit friends and relatives at a trifling cost for transportation.

TAKE THE

SIMPLE

LIVER REGULATOR

For Biliousness, Indigestion, etc.

Liver, Kidney, Gravel and Gout.

The people are generally ignorant of the proper treatment of the liver, and the result is a great deal of suffering and expense. The Simple Liver Regulator is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all the above complaints. It is made of pure vegetable matter, and is perfectly harmless. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

The Regulator is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all the above complaints. It is made of pure vegetable matter, and is perfectly harmless. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

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J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

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104 BELL ST.

Catarrh Can be Cured

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, is caused by secretions in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from its varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, tingling and burning pains in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

Serious consequences are liable to ensue if catarrh is not attended to in season. The disease frequently destroys the power of smell, and often develops into bronchitis or pulmonary consumption. Undoubtedly many cases of consumption originate in catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh and has even effected remarkable cures of consumption itself, in its early stages. A book containing statements of many cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, will be sent free to all who send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Best Medicine

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Catarrh and Impure Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. HALL, Syracuse, N. Y. "I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving." FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

100 Doses One Dollar.

H. W. Mordhurst.

Will Remove January 2 to his new and elegant five story Building

No. 74 Calhoun Street, (opposite Avenue House), four

doors south of present location.

PURE DRUGS. REASONABLE PRICES.

ONE WORD WITH YOU!

If you want to see the Finest Furniture ever Brought to the city, go to the

PETERS BOX & LUMBER COMPANY,

On West Main Street.

Prices Away Down!

Everything Latest Style!

This is the best place in the city to get your Christmas Presents.

CATARRH

ELLY'S

CREAM BALM.

Cures the Head,

Alays Induration,

Stays, Restores the

Senses of Taste and

Smell, Relieves a

Stiff Neck, Averts

all the evils of Catarrh, and is

the only medicine that

can be used with perfect

safety in all cases.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. HAYDEN, N. Y.

WHEAT

Baking Powder.

Indorsed by the leading Hotels

in the country.

Approved by the Government Chemists

for the Indian Commission.

WHEAT, KALDI, RICHES, SONS,

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PHOSACID.

Lowell, Mass.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Room, 75 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 20 West Warren Street.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at a residence

No. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,

where he will give exclusive attention

RUPTURE

Chronic, acute, or any other form of rupture, can be cured by the use of the

patented "Rupture Cure," made by Dr. J. C. HAYDEN, N. Y.

It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of rupture.

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USEFUL
HOLIDAY
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SEALSKIN SACQUES,
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or a nice

New-Market.
ROOT & COMPANY

For a nice Christmas Present you
could make no wiser selection, our stock
is complete and contains hundreds of

Choice Garments!
To select from, at
Reduced Prices.

Ladies' Seal Furs,
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Morning Gowns,
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AMUSEMENTS.

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J. H. SIMONSON, Manager
F. E. STODOLSKY, Treasurer
SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1885
The Madison Square Theatre success, Wm.
Gillett's Romantic Comedy.

THE PROFESSOR!
The young and popular comedian, Mr.
JAMES Q. BARROWS
As the Professor.
MISS KITTY CHEATHAM
As Daisy Brown.

A Powerful cast of selected artists.
New scenery! Novel Mechanical Effects.
Popular prices 25, 35 and 50 cents. Reserved
seats, 75c.
The sale of seats will commence Thursday
at 11 a. m.

MASONIC TEMPLE
J. H. SIMONSON, Manager
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THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 25, 26.
The Peerless Melodrama, the

ROMANY RYE!
Lehman & Bateham, Managers.
Powerful Cast!
Superb Scenery!
Beautiful Effects!

The Most Magnificent Entertainment of the Age!
Admission 75c and 1.00. Reserved seats 1.25
and 1.50. Matchless scenery.
No extra charge for refreshments.
Box office open till 10 p. m. at 11 a. m.

PRINCESS SKATING RINK,
Corner of Main and Third streets
Grand Exhibition Benefit.
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 22, 1885
Given by the

DARLINGTON BROTHERS,
For the Fort Wayne Rink.
Skating before and after exhibition.
COMMITTEE FORT WAYNE RINK.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.
T. B. MACK, Sole Proprietor.
NEW STARS EVERY WEEK.
Admission 10, 15, 25 and 50c

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1885.

THE CITY.

A new clock hangs at police court
now.

Sumner K. Randall, of Avilla, is the
guest of his brother, P. A. Randall.
The "Professor" party play at Hunt-
ington Tuesday and at Wabash Wednes-
day.

Judge Chapin is at home from Noble
county, where he presided as judge this
week.

Andrews has only one lawyer and but
three saloons. It has five church or-
ganizations.

M. L. Graft will soon go to New York
City, where he is referee in a very im-
portant suit.

A number of old Singer sewing ma-
chines were smashed in the Aveline
House alley yesterday.

James Quinn, a former workman on
the Wabash gravel train, was killed on
the Vanalia road, at Logansport, yes-
terday.

Fort Wayne turned out a bigger crowd
to the prize fight than it did to hear the
Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. This does not
speak volumes for Summit City taste and
intelligence.

Senator Voorhees will deliver his lec-
ture on "Jefferson" in ten cities in In-
diana shortly after the holidays in aid of
Hendricks' monument. He has already
been asked to make a date here.

The various counties of the state are
very slow about making their semi-an-
nual settlement with the state treasurer
this year, and not more than one-third
have settled up to date. They have until
January 1 to square up.

"Ex Congressman Walpole G. Coler-
ick made one of the choicest and most
telling talks before the Hendricks
memorial meeting, at Fort Wayne, we
have read. It is a most brilliant tribute,"
says the *Lagrange Democrat*.

The ladies sewing society at Fried-
ham, in Adams county, sent several
large boxes filled with Christmas pres-
ents for the children at the Lutheran
orphan at Fort Wayne and Springfield,
Ill., and to the Lutheran orphan asylum
at St. Louis, Mo.

The attorney general has decided that
the Kosciusko court clerk may lawfully
refund to Daniel J. Dick a fine of \$150,
which he paid as replevin bail for Mil-
ford Dick, with the understanding that
application to refund the money would
be made in case the fine was remitted.

Governor Gray has appointed John
Paul Jones to act as Indiana's agent at
Washington in collecting her claims
against the government. Mr. Jones is a
nephew of Senator Voorhees and resided
at Lafayette a few years ago, studying
law in the office of the late Hon. John A.
Stein.

The state board of health reports that
within the year there was a total of
forty-four cases of small pox in the state,
eleven of which were fatal, but in no
place did the disease assume an epidemic
form. The report states that more
deaths resulted between the ages of
twenty and thirty than at any other per-
iod in life.

Fred Daily, accompanied by "Fatty"
Dudbridge, Charles Smith, Tom O'Don-
nell, W. C. Dennis, James Forbes, Rus
Ellis, John Farrell, Al Mathewson, Marsh
Tuyers, James Storms, Charles Kelly,
Frank Warrell and Wm. Kortlander, of
Grand Rapids, and James Fell and Chas.
Anderson, of Detroit, attended the spar-
ring match last night.

This evening James O. Barrows, sup-
ported by Miss Kitty Cheatham and a
cast of artists, will appear at the Temple
opera house in this city. Mr. Barrows
appears as *Professor Hunsdale* in "The
Professor," William Gillett's romantic
comedy, in which Miss Cheatham appears
as *Daisy Brown*. "The Professor" is
one of the most charming and entertain-
ing plays on the stage and this company
is said to be clever.

The case of Shirks, Duke & Co., al-
leged owners of the Wabash and Erie
canal, against the Louisville, New Al-
bany and Chicago railroad was com-
menced in the superior court, of Tippe-
canoe county at Lafayette, Ind., yester-
day. This is a suit brought to recover
\$10,000 from the railroad for the use of
water in the canal in their shops, en-
gines, depots, etc., for the past ten
years—ever since these parties obtained
control of the canal.

Mr. R. T. Brydon, western passenger
agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad
company, has addressed the following
letter to the general agents of ocean
steamship companies: "I am author-
ized by Mr. R. M. Wood, general pas-
senger agent, to advise you of the fol-
lowing arrangement for third class business
from date: 'Advance steamship compa-
nies and agents, that from today and un-
til further notice, will accept immigrant
orders limited to six months at rates
made 5% higher than special tariff of
March 10, 1885. Advance must be for-
warded same as under special rate of
March 10, 1885. Commission 10 per
cent, not to exceed \$1."

Mr. J. B. Harper is entertaining Rev.
C. W. Church, of Auburn.
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Edgerton, of
Piqua, Ohio, are visiting Mr. A. H. Bit-
tinger.

Lewrence Rowan sues Joseph Niebal
et al, for \$200. W. P. Breen filed the
complaint.

Dr. Howard McCallough and other
young men give a reception at Arion hall
next Tuesday evening.

William Geake, the stone work con-
tractor, is en route to Wilmington, Del.,
to visit his aged parents.

Tom Quin was yesterday promoted to
a passenger engine on the Pittsburg and
is correspondingly proud.

Max Nirdlinger will have a hearing
before the mayor next Tuesday on a
charge of obstructing Main street.

The funeral of the late Robert J. Van-
Baskirk will take place from the parents'
residence on Sunday afternoon at 2:20.

A two-year old son of Dr. VanBaskirk
died this morning of scarlet fever at the
home of his father on South Calhoun
street.

Benjamin Heath was tried by Mayor
Mubler this afternoon for selling liquor
without a city license. A state case is
pending against the man.

Mrs. Col. R. O'Sullivan Burke, of
Chicago, is in the city, the guest of her
mother. Colonel Burke will come here
for Christmas to visit for a day or two.

Quite a party of Irish-American ladies
last evening in a novel way celebrated
Mr. Parnell's victory for Irish independ-
ence. They want to stir the men to
some action.

Sheriff Nelson this morning closed the
barrens store of Casper Neireiter, on
East Main street. This action was on a
judgment for \$330 in favor of John G.
Strodel. Other creditors will come in.

Peter Claude Hengenard et al, sue
Aralia Hengenard et al, to set aside a
will which was once filed before the tes-
tator was dead. W. G. & P. B. Coler-
ick and Coombs, Bell & Morris are at-
torneys.

Miss Maggie Campbell arrived in the
city from Argus, Ind., to-day, where she
is teaching school, and is the guest of
Mrs. Geo. R. Hench, on East Wayne
street. She will spend the holidays at
her home in Huntington.

Auditor Griebel will sell all property
mortgaged to the school fund and on
which delinquent interest is not paid
before January 1. The law requires
him to sell it the fourth Monday in
March and inflicts a penalty if he fails to
do it.

Miss Carrie Segiman, Minnie Marshall,
Joseph France and Jonathan Houser
were arrested last night for being entire-
ly too familiar. The quartet paid \$15
each. France lives at Pierceton and
agrees to send \$5 on here when he goes
home.

General Freight Agent Knight, of
the Wabash, says: "Commencing at
once and remaining in force until further
notice, this railway will refuse to re-
ceive return shipments of apple and
fruit butters, canned goods, jellies,
mince meat and preserves, unless all
charges are prepaid to destination."

Samuel A. Grable, formerly passenger
conductor on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne
and Chicago railway, has been appointed
general yardmaster of the Nickel Plate,
at Fort Wayne. Ex-Passenger Con-
ductor Brown, of the Pittsburg, Fort
Wayne and Chicago railway, has been
appointed night dispatcher on the Nickel
Plate.

Hugh Stewart was arrested last even-
ing on the charge of fraudulently con-
veying claims to non-residents for the
purpose of garnishment. The complain-
ant is Edwin Nell, a Pittsburg brake-
man. The case was brought up before
Justice Hays, who continued it until the
25th inst. Mr. Stewart has retained Col.
R. S. Robertson and Coombs, Bell &
Morris and is determined to test the con-
stitutionality of the law.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Powers, of this
city, went to Fort Wayne last evening,
by request of their attorney, to consult
in some matters and claims against the
estate of the late Charles Lehman, de-
ceased, of which Mrs. Powers is admin-
istratrix. The captain says it seems to
him that after a person is dead any one
can put in a claim, just or unjust. Mrs.
Powers remains in Fort Wayne to-day,
the guest of Mrs. Ira Rupert. The cap-
tain returned home this morning," says
the *Toledo Free*.

"Messrs. Brady & Garwood, proprie-
tors of the popular People's theatre,
have just closed a five year lease of the
Academy of Music, Fort Wayne, and
will formally open in January 25, with
the Harris Star Opera company. The
citizens of Fort Wayne are to be con-
gratulated on having secured such ex-
cellent gentlemen and managers for their
temple of amusement, and they no doubt
will take the town by storm, if the suc-
cess they have achieved here is any cri-
terion. The citizens of our sister city
can rest assured that these gentlemen
will allow nothing but the best shows
on the road to play in any theatre
they have anything to do with. It will
be no fault of Messrs. Brady & Garwood
if the citizens of Fort Wayne are not
waked up in the theatrical line," says
the *Toledo Free*.

Don't Put Off Buying.

CAPPING THE

Where others leave off we begin. Where
the most venturesome fear to go,
WE TRUST OURSELVES!

The prices on all Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc., cut
down to low water mark, and the cut met with an additional discount of

1-4th Off From the Price.

Cost Not Considered.

Our aim is to sell out slick and clean and quit the business.

MERCHANTS!

Desirous of Procuring

Bargains to Sell Again and Make Profits!

Should avail themselves of securing values at ruinous prices.
You have the privilege.

A. S. LAUFERTY AND CO.,

No. 9 East Main street, Fort Wayne.

You Can't Afford to Wait.

Cheaper than Wheat at 50cts.

The Nickel Plate.

The amount of Nickel Plate first mort-
gage bonds deposited in the interest of
the Roosevelt foreclosure plan, is \$5-
500,000, or \$2,000,000 less than the re-
quired sum. If the English holders
come in the scheme will be successfully
carried out, although there promises to
be protracted litigation over the effort to
place a large amount of other indebted
ness ahead of the first mortgage. It is
believed that the Lackawanna is decid-
edly in earnest in its endeavor to secure
control of the road and establish a
through connection. The rumor of an
issue contemplated by the Lake Shore
of \$25,000,000 debenture bonds to pro-
vide for a reorganization of the Nickel
Plate and its denial were noticed in a
late issue of THE SENTINEL.

I find Athlophores just what you
claim for it. It has real merit and is a
medicine whose merit I have proved.
I cheerfully recommend it to my custo-
mers for rheumatism and neuralgia. J.
D. Fowler, druggist, of Lansing, Ia.

Save the pennies, save the nickels,
save the dimes, by buying all your hol-
iday goods at the Aveline House book
store.

GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE.

French Plate Mirrors, Steel Engravings and
Fine Oil Paintings at No. 142
Calhoun Street.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Joseph
Mayer, who finds it necessary to discon-
tinue business, the undersigned will sell
the entire stock of goods, consisting of
five French and American Plate Mirrors,
Steel Plate Engravings, Oil Paintings,
Gold Frames, and a large assortment of
miscellaneous articles generally found in
a first class picture store, all of which
will be sold, at 142 Calhoun street, at
public auction, regardless of cost, com-
mencing Monday, December 21, at 1:30
and 7 p. m., and continuing from day to
day until the entire stock is disposed of.
(175) BEN. R. EVANS,
L. P. STAPLEFORD, Auctioneer.
P.S.—Ladies are especially invited.

Christmas books at half cost at the
Aveline House book store. 181c

OUR STORE

Will remain open until 9 p. m. every
evening from to-day until after Christ-
mas.
Lucas Wolf & Co.,
It
51 Calhoun Street.

Christmas Toys. Come and see us if
you want to save money. Aveline House
Book Store.

Holiday Goods of all kinds at
less than Manufacturers Prices,
at the Aveline House Book
Store. 1c.

Will Not Last Forever.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX!

Where others leave off we begin. Where
the most venturesome fear to go,
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You Can't Afford to Wait.

Cheaper than Wheat at 50cts.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

SANTA CLAUS' DEPOT
MOUNTAINS OF TOYS

—AT—
JAMES M. KANE AND BRO'S.

Three entire floors filled with Christmas Goods. Presents for
everybody. Call early. Select first choice, and
Avoid the Rush.

Dolls, Toy Horses, Cats, Roosters, Monkeys, Christmas Tree Ornaments, Har-
monicas, Rattles, Albums, Vases, Banks, Tool Chests, Games of all kinds, A B C
Blocks, Work Stands, Scrap Books, Toy Pianos from 25c. up, Doll Chairs, Black-
board's, Desks, Drums, Doll Houses, Bisque Doll Heads, Dolls of all kinds from 1c
to \$2.00.

We are the only House in the City that show a Complete Line
of Toys. Call early and learn our low prices.

J. M. Kane & Bros.,

24 CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE, IND.

Dec. 9-101

On Exhibition
And For Sale!

—AT—
15 and 17 Court Street,

A Large and Beautiful Stock of

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

—FOR—

Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

They must be seen to be appreciated. All the different styles
and qualities represented. FINE IMPORTED OVERCOAT-
INGS, made and trimmed equal to Custom work, and sold at the
WHOLESALE PRICE LIST.

PIXLEY & CO.,

15 and 17 Court Street.